The Outlook

NOVEMBER 26, 1919

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

The strike in the printing trade, which has interrupted the publication of The Outlook during the last seven weeks, is rapidly nearing its end. Owing to the strike we were compelled to omit the publication of the November 19 issue, and this issue of November 26 is somewhat delayed owing to the same cause. We are again indebted to our contemporary, "The Literary Digest," for the use of its presses in printing this issue, but there is every hope that the next issue of The Outlook may be printed on its regular presses, and that thereafter the paper will appear in accordance with its customary schedule.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE WEEK

A NEW AMERICAN CASUALTY LIST

DEAD

McElfresh, Arthur E., Centralia.
Casagranda, Ben, Centralia.
Grimm, Warren O., Centralia.
Hubbard, Dale, Centralia.

WOUNDED

Watt, John Earl, Centralia, probably fatally.
Friscus, ——, Chehalis.
Watt, ——, Chehalis.

This was a new American casualty list published in the daily papers of November 12, 1919.

It records the names of American soldiers killed and wounded, not in battle, but in the streets of an American town.

The seven men whose names are given here were members of the American Legion, marching in an Armistice Day celebration in Centralia, Washington. They were shot down in cold blood by Anarchists firing from a headquarters of the Industrial Workers of the World. It is even said that some of these men were individually marked for slaughter because of their active Americanism.

The Centralia assassins have done much to strengthen the hands of those who are fighting to uphold American principles of government; their victims have not bled in vain.

THE SENATE REJECTS THE TREATY

Just after the forms of this week's issue of The Outlook were sent to press the news came that the Senate has taken final action on the Treaty of Peace. On November 19 the Lodge resolution of ratification with the fifteen reservations attached was put upon its final vote. It failed to receive the necessary two-thirds majority, the vote standing 39 to 55, with 35 Republicans and 4 Democrats voting for the Lodge resolution and 13 Republicans and 42 Democrats against it. Then followed a long parliamentary struggle which ended when Senator Underwood was allowed to introduce a resolution which would ratify the Treaty, as the phrase goes, "without the dotting of an i or the crossing of a t." This resolution was defeated by a vote of 38 in favor and 53 opposed. Senator Lodge then introduced a concurrent resolution (such a resolution does not require the signature of the President if passed by both houses) in effect declaring that the state of war between Germany and the United States is at an end.

The following paragraphs were written on November 19, but before the action of the Senate here recorded; editorial comment must necessarily be reserved for our next issue.

The Senate has been bringing its long debate toward a conclusion by applying for the first time the closure system adopted over two years ago. By a large majority the Senate agreed to limit debate to one hour's speaking by one man; it then quickly acted (in most cases in the negative) upon those reservations in the "Lodge plan" not already passed upon and on newly proposed reservations.

In order to understand the situation of the Peace Treaty and the included League of Nations at this writing (November 19), a brief review of the governmental agencies involved in the making of the Treaty is necessary. Under the Constitution the President of the United States has the exclusive right of negotiating all treaties. He then submits them to the Senate to obtain its consent to their ratification. This consent requires a two-thirds vote of all the members of the Senate present. The Senate can reject a treaty by failing to assent to it, or it can say that it will consent to the treaty with certain modifications or additions. If the President is willing to accept these modifications and additions and believes that the foreign Powers with which he has negotiated the Treaty will accept them, he completes the ratification with the foreign Powers concerned, and it then becomes a part of the supreme law of the United States until it is formally repealed or abrogated.

With regard to the present Treaty there are three parties espousing three different policies—the President and a minority of the Senate, who want the Treaty ratified just as it stands; a minority of the Senate who want it ratified with certain interpretations; and a minority of the Senate who want it ratified with certain radical changes or amendments that will make it a wholly new document or who are opposed to the Treaty and League *in toto*.

We do not believe that two-thirds of the Senate will consent to a ratification of the Treaty just as it stands. Nor do we believe that two-thirds of the Senate will vote for such decisive amendments or changes as will make it a new document to be resubmitted to the Conference of Nations at Versailles. For the President, in a letter to Senator Hitchcock, has said that in the latter case he would exercise what is clearly his Constitutional right, and would not attempt to negotiate such an amended Treaty. His own words are: "The resolution in that form [that is to say, the form with radical or extreme amendments] does not provide for ratification, but rather for the nullification of the Treaty." That is what is meant by the expressions in the daily press stating that the President will "pocket" or "pigeonhole" the Treaty if it is sent back to him with substantial changes or the addition of new matter or provisions.

It seems, therefore, probable that, so far as the United States is concerned, the Treaty will fail of ratification; that the work of the last five or six months will all have to be done over again; and that our relations with the entire world out-

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side of our own border will remain in a state of uncertainty and confusion if not chaos, unless the three parties can agree to compromise on reservations of explanation and interpretation which do not involve reopening negotiations with the other signatories of the Treaty.

LADY ASTOR'S CAMPAIGN

A year ago a number of women candidates took advantage of the electoral reform in Great Britain to stand for election to seats in the House of Commons. All were defeated except Countess Markievicz, who refused to assume her seat, in conformity with Sinn Fein policy on the subject.

It is possible that the first woman to take her seat as a member in the British

Central News

LADY ASTOR ON AN ELECTIONEERING TRIP

House of Commons will be American-born. For the seat representing the important constituency of Plymouth, vacated by the elevation of her husband, the new Viscount Astor, to the House of Lords, the Plymouth Coalitionists (Conservatives and Liberals) invited Viscountess Astor to become a candidate. She accepted, doubtless thinking it not inappropriate that a Virginian (for Virginia was peopled by men and women from the Plymouth region) should represent that section of England in Parliament. She was opposed by both a straight Liberal and a Labor candidate. Meeting the Liberal candidate in the open, she remarked: "You are far too progressive a man to be identified with the Ancient Mariner Asquith party. You are a good man, but you are going in the wrong direction."

This kind of comment characterized a campaign unprecedented in English or any other politics, unprecedented because of the character of the candidate—a woman, and one with an American "snap" and "edge" which the English, of all others, like, one reason being that they often lack these qualities. When to them are united beauty and distinction of person, long and indefatigable benevolence, and a good-humored readiness to see all sides of a question, the resultant combination has power. Lady Astor's campaign, however, brought her persistent heckling. Yet this proved to be a distinct asset, for there was no faltering in the trenchant power of her repartee. For instance, she informed an audience in one section of Plymouth that "there is a difference between the working classes and the shirking classes." And again: "There is but one genuine Socialist in history. He said, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'" And again: "Every person is a potential profiteer—the only way of choking profiteering is to get the selfishness out of human nature." And again—this to the Socialists of a Bolshevist tinge: "If it had been in your power during the war, the whole British army would be goose-stepping in Berlin."

It is believed that Lady Astor has been elected, although under the English system the final official announcement is not made until many days after the election.

PROHIBITION: ITS UPS AND DOWNS

A fight which will delight the hearts of lawyers has been started in regard to the enforcement of the Volstead Act, the Act designed to put the teeth in war-time prohibition. A preliminary injunction against the enforcement of this Act was granted by Judge Brown in the United States District Court at Providence, Rhode Island. Judge Brown, in his opinion, said:

> The Eighteenth Amendment became a part of the Constitution immediately upon its ratification. . . . It then fixed the time at which the powers of the States over a subject heretofore always under their control should cease; at which the Government of the United States, the Governments of the States and municipalities, should be deprived of sources of revenue from which millions had been derived; at which great industries, employing thousands of men, should cease, and at which the value of enormous properties for the uses for which they were designated should be finally destroyed; and at which there should be enforced a radical change in personal habits.
>
> It is inconceivable that this would have been done without the provision for a period during which the loss might be, to some extent, provided for and lessened.

In Kentucky a similar injunction was granted by which the Government was restrained from interfering with the sale of distillers' tax paid whisky. In New York State and Maryland Federal judges refused to grant injunctions of similar character. In refusing to grant the desired injunction in New York State the opinion was given that—

> Here is a question of National public policy, of allowing the sale of what the constituted authorities apparently regard as injurious to the public or to so much of it as they have a right to consider. To annul their will, if only for a season, is to do an injury which is, to say the least, as irreparable, if the laws be valid, as to prevent the plaintiffs from selling intoxicants for the same period if they are not.
>
> In all the books we are told that to declare a law unconstitutional we must be assured beyond question that it is such.
>
> A temporary stay now is a declaration for a time that it is unconstitutional—it is to dispense with statutes till the case is finally decided. Assuming that I may do so, there seems to be no proper reason for exercising the power.

Other suits are pending in various parts of the country to restrain the Federal Government from the enforcement of the Volstead Act. It is to be hoped that an early and definite settlement of this situation will be reached.

The final figures as to the Ohio vote on prohibition were given out November 12. It was then announced that the ratification of the Federal Prohibition Amendment was defeated by a "wet" majority of 542. On the other hand, the voters of Ohio refused to indorse 2.75 per cent beer by a majority of over 29,000 and refused to repeal State prohibition by a "dry" majority of over 41,000. The drastic State Prohibition Enforcement Act was defeated by a "wet" majority of over 26,000.

THREE ELECTIONS

Sunday, November 16, was a great day in Belgium, France, and Italy. In all three countries it was election day for the choice of member of Parliament. In all three the day was marked by electoral innovations.

In Belgium the old plural voting system was replaced by the "one man, one vote." As was anticipated, the former clerical control was checked as a result of the voting and there was a corresponding radical and Socialist gain. The Socialist gain, however, is not much of a Bolshevist gain. The Socialism which Belgium has had during the past five years has been loyal to the Government.

In France the change in electoral methods means that instead of voting for a single member of the Chamber of Deputies, as formerly, the electors now vote for as many deputies as are allotted to any one department. The result of the election was a great Government triumph.

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Among the defeated were, significantly, the Bolshevist leader Longuet and the "defeatists," whose leader is Caillaux. By this election France shows that she is militantly in favor of law and order.

In Italy, where a similar change of electoral methods took place, the result was equally striking. Contrary to the expectation of many, the Government was well sustained. It had been supposed that Bolshevism had eaten into the body politic. While there was a very large Socialist vote, the Prime Minister, Nitti, was returned almost unanimously, and four other former Premiers were elected by handsome majorities. The main feature that distinguished the Italian from the other elections was the effect of the new liberty given to Roman Catholics. Formerly Catholics were not permitted by their Church to go to the polls; to-day they may, and the result is the formation of a great Roman Catholic party. In this election, for the first time, Italian Catholics participated in the campaign as a party.

There was also an innovation in electioneering methods which should receive notice. Candidates for election who had been airmen in the war conducted their campaigns from airplanes. This was specially true of René Fonck, ace of aces, who is said to have brought down more than one hundred and fifty enemy machines during the war. He flew over towns and villages dropping circulars and sometimes alighting to make a five-minute speech. He won his election.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

The United States has just had as a visitor a lad, modest, rather bashful, but frank, simple, straightforward, good-humored, companionable—Edward Albert, Prince of Wales. One day, if he lives, he will be Edward VIII, ruler of the British Empire.

In him Americans have seen not so much the symbol of British unity in the crown as they have recognized one who, like King Albert of Belgium recently, shows us the human side of kingship. The Prince's unaffected, democratic, kindly manner, his boyish charm, his hearty participation in the pleasures planned for him, won for him an instant popularity. He has increased this popularity by saying and doing things "on his own hook," as, for instance, at Mount Vernon, where he was shown a photograph taken of his grandfather, Edward VII, when that monarch as Prince of Wales visited Mount Vernon. The present Prince remarked: "I see grandfather wore a plug hat. I wonder if I should have done the same." Or, some days later, at White Sulphur Springs, when, after a ten-mile walk, the Prince turned a somersault from a platform twelve feet above the water-line into the swimming pool.

The visit of the Prince to the United States will do much to confirm a growing feeling in this country that we have a community of interests and ideas as well as of laws and historic traditions.

Central News Photo Service

THE PRINCE OF WALES SHAKING HANDS WITH GENERAL PERSHING AT WASHINGTON

A HOTEL METAMORPHOSIS

There is a hotel in Fiume which when that city was under the Hungarian Government was called Hotel de Deák, in memory of the great Hungarian statesman. After the armistice last November, however, the hotel-keeper changed the name to Hotel Wilson.

But after President Wilson's public proclamation on April 23 in favor of giving Fiume to the Croats and against handing it over to Italy, the name was changed to Hotel Orlando, to mark the Italian Premier's persistence in putting the Italian claim to Fiume before the Peace Conference.

If the Peace Conference, unwilling to offend Mr. Wilson, accomplished nothing, Gabriele d'Annunzio, the poet, and his thousands of revolutionists have accomplished something. On September 14 they seized Fiume, and on November 15 Zara, and still hold them. The hotel-keeper, with an eye to business, now calls his place the Hotel d'Annunzio.

What is the Italian Government doing? On the one hand, it faces the practically unanimous sentiment of the Italian people expressed the other day in the Chamber of Deputies at Rome, when all but a small Socialist group voted for the immediate annexation of Fiume to Italy. On the other hand, it faces the Paris Peace Conference.

Meanwhile our bluejackets and marines are keeping order in the sixty-mile area about the port of Spalato, where Admiral Andrews is stationed with his flagship Pittsburgh, thus continuing our control of one of the four Adriatic regions assigned by the order of the Paris Peace Conference to England, France, Italy, and America. In the American section our naval forces last November took charge of all the Austro-Hungarian vessels found in the ports, and have since extended a strong moral influence for the preservation of order, and especially for the avoidance of any clash between the Italians and Jugoslavs.

WHO WILLED THE WAR?

The answer to the question, "Who willed the war?" is made even easier by the appearance of an Austrian Red Book. The present Austrian Government has access to the Hapsburg archives and has let the light of day in upon them.

Two hitherto unpublished despatches are of prime importance. Both are dated from Berlin, July 5, 1914. The first is a report from the Austrian Ambassador to Count Berchtold, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Vienna, of an audience just had with the Emperor William at Berlin. It reads in part:

> His Majesty empowered me to inform Emperor Francis Joseph that we could count on Germany's full support. . . . This had special reference to action by our Government against Serbia. It was Emperor William's opinion that this should not be delayed, as the Russian attitude would be hostile. But for years he had prepared for that and, should it come to war between Austria-Hungary and Russia, we could rest assured that Germany, with her customary fidelity, would stand by our side. In addition, Russia was in no way ready for war and would think seriously before appealing to force. If we recognized the necessity for military action against Serbia, he (Emperor William) would regret it if we let the present favorable moment pass unused.

The second despatch reports the position of Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg, the German Chancellor:

> We can reckon with certainty that, whatever our decision may be, Germany, as an ally and friend, will stand behind the Dual Monarchy. . . . I assured myself that the Imperial Chancellor, like his Imperial master, regarded immediate action by us against Serbia as the best and most radical solution of our difficulties in the Balkans. From the international standpoint he regarded the present moment as more favorable than a later one would be. He quite agreed that we should inform neither Italy nor Rumania beforehand of any action against Serbia.

Two days later a Ministerial Council was held in Vienna. These despatches were laid before it. All present agreed that terms should be imposed hard

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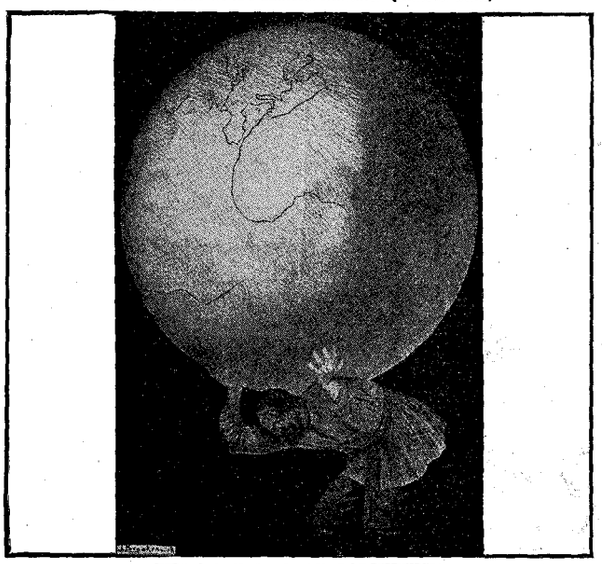
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

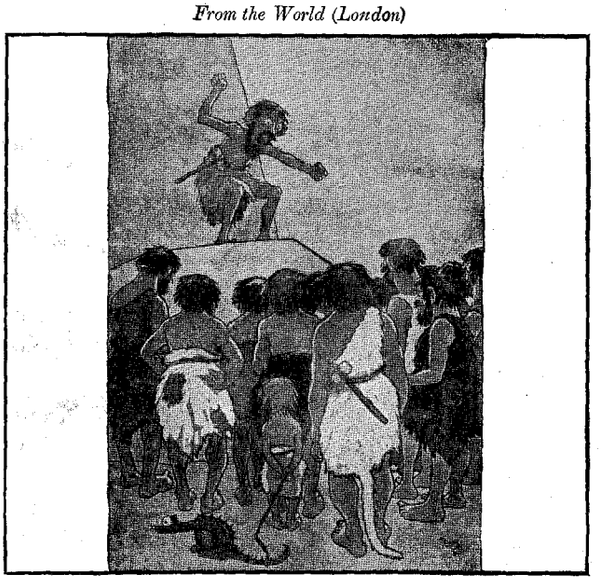
Braakensiek in De Amsterdammer (Amsterdam)



THE DOWNFALL OF BOLSHEVISM

Atlas-Bolshevik: "If I can't keep it up it will flatten me."

From the World (London)



AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

"Down with . . . !"

Knott in the Dallas News

THE COAL STRIKE SITUATION AS IT WAS

P. S.—The strike has been called off.

Morris, for the George Matthew Adams Service

Mr. World: "How do I feel? All riot!"

From L'Asino (Rome)

THE JOURNEY OF PEACE

Kirby in the New York World

WHAT A YEAR HAS BROUGHT FORTH

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enough to lead to their rejection, and hence war. This attitude was strengthened by a third despatch from the Austrian Ambassador at Berlin, reporting the fear of Gottlieb von Jagow, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, lest any delay in the intended programme against Serbia might cause Germany's interest to weaken.

This is the German Government, this the Chancellor, above all, this the Emperor, who later protested that the war had been forced upon Germany!

GIFTS TO ART

Louis Comfort Tiffany is a distinguished painter, sculptor, designer, decorator, and inventor of the famous Tiffany glass. He has now added to his reputation by a princely gift to art. He has turned over his estate and collections at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, together with an endowment of over $1,000,000, to found an art institution. Mr. Tiffany has given his residence, Laurelton Hall, and the eighty acres surrounding it outright to the Foundation and has already built one dormitory for the art school. With the real estate are included Mr. Tiffany's art collections and his library; both are very large and well selected.

As announced, the purposes of this institution are "art education directed both to art appreciation and production within the scope of the industrial as well as the fine arts, and, as one means toward these educational purposes, the establishment and maintenance of a museum to contain objects of art." Mr. Tiffany is not founding a school of dogma, but a place where men and, later, women of professional maturity and promise may work in sympathetic surroundings. His ambition is to give free play and development in both the fine and the industrial arts without the trammels of schools or artistic conventions. Mr. Stanley Lothrop, formerly with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and more recently connected with the American Academy at Rome, has been appointed Director of the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation.

By the will of George W. Elkins, of Philadelphia, the philanthropist and traction magnate, who recently died, the well-known "Elkins Collection," made by the late financier's father, William L. Elkins, accompanied by a gift of $50,000 for its maintenance, is given to the city of Philadelphia. The collection, valued at some $2,500,000, is made on condition that it be placed in "an art gallery erected and maintained by the city." Unless this action is taken within five years from Mr. George Elkins's death the paintings will revert to the original estate.

This provision is similar to a provision in the will of the late John G. Johnson, the eminent lawyer, whose collection of paintings, valued at some $4,500,000, is even more famous. Mr. Johnson also left his collection to the city of Philadelphia, providing in his will that the city must maintain it in a public museum, and that, failing this, the collection should go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

YELLOW FEVER CONQUERED

After yellow fever was eradicated from Panama through the genius of Major-General William C. Gorgas, many men believed with him that it could be eradicated at Guayaquil, the chief port of Ecuador and the last center where the fever was endemic. Before the war General Gorgas was engaged in the cleaning up of this pest-hole of the Pacific, as Guayaquil was called. Cholera, smallpox, bubonic and yellow fever had been frequent and the death rate tremendously high. The swampy site of the town, the inadequate water supply, the defective sewerage, the garbage lying in piles alongside the puddles in the streets, the mosquitoes and other plague carriers, made such a condition that it was proposed to prohibit passage through the Panama Canal to ships from Guayaquil, since otherwise international shipping would be menaced.

At the close of hostilities, a year ago, General Gorgas was able to resume his work at Guayaquil (temporarily abandoned because of the war), the result being that no cases of yellow fever have appeared at Guayaquil in several months, though because of the rainy season now beginning one may not be sure that the plague has been completely eradicated. The opinion of General Gorgas, however, is to the effect that the sanitary work already completed has been sufficient to prevent reinfection. This sanitary work was accomplished by the same methods as at Panama—by showing the inhabitants that cleanliness must be enforced, by organizing the school-children, the housewives, the servants, laborers, peons, and the business and professional men, especially the doctors and dentists; second, by putting in modern sewerage and water systems; third, by paving the streets and cleaning up the refuse; fourth, by screening the houses; and, last, but not least, by ridding the city and surrounding country of the deadly yellow fever mosquito.

Thus American sanitary methods have abolished the pest-hole of the Pacific. The campaign has been carried on by the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation co-operating with the National Health Board of Ecuador.

THE ONLY ROAD TO PEACE

THERE may be historical significance in the following anouncement by John L. Lewis, Acting President of the United Mine Workers: "We will comply with the order of the Court. We do this under protest. We are Americans. We cannot fight our Government." It is earnestly to be hoped that this will be accepted by all coal-miners who are Americans who do not propose to fight their Government, and who have no desire to follow the lead of the Bolsheviki, the I. W. W., the Reds, and that un-American ilk—and this despite reports that many miners are refusing to return to work. The principle enunciated hy Mr. Lewis calls on all men and women, whether capitalists, laborers, or consumers, to unite in support of law and order, inspired by a common loyalty to American principles and the American spirit.

But we shall make a great mistake if we suppose that this ends the peril of a coal strike and a fuel famine. For there are leaders whose defiant utterances proclaim them not Americans and ready to fight their Government, and they are not without thousands of apparent followers. Among the operators probably not a single friend of Bolshevism or Communism could be found; but it is not so certain that there are none who put their private interests above the public interests and are more eager to accumulate wealth than to render service. Moreover, the thoughtful American will not forget that the injunction against the strike is based on a temporary law which expires by its own limitation when peace is declared. Whether the Court can under other laws enjoin a strike which threatens the country with universal distress is a question which has not yet been officially determined.

There can be no industrial peace without industrial justice. "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever." It is well for the world that the work of unrighteousness is never peace; and the effect of unrighteousness is always a righteous discontent and, sooner or later, a righteous revolt.

The coal armistice is not industrial peace. It simply affords an opportunity for securing an industrial peace. We may be sure that there would be no industrial unrest if there were not some industrial injustice—real or fancied; and we may be sure that there will be no industrial peace until real industrial injustice is cured by voluntary action or by law, and the fancied injustice by education.

The American public are not satisfied

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to have thousands of their American fellow-citizens laboring under protest. They want to know if there is any just cause for that protest. If so, they want that cause removed. They want more than coal, they want more than peace; they want justice. If a contract made when present conditions could not be foreseen is working injustice, they want that contract voluntarily modified or laid aside. That has been done during the last five years in thousands of cases. It is only a Shylock who demands his pound of flesh because "the law allows it."

What do we mean by righteousness?

We mean obedience to the moral law. There are moral laws. They are not imposed upon us; they are written within us. They are the laws of our spiritual nature as the laws of health are the laws of our physical nature.

And because we are knitted together in one human brotherhood and are members one of another, one man cannot violate these laws without imperiling the rest. If he violates the laws of health, his disease—smallpox, diphtheria, consumption—may grow to an epidemic. Unsanitary conditions in his house may be followed by funerals in the houses of his neighbors. And if he sets his house on fire he threatens the whole city with conflagration.

These laws of the social order are as inherent, as fundamental, as divine, as the laws of nature or the laws of health. They are well epitomized in the Ten Commandments.

The Israelites chose God as their king by universal suffrage. The Ten Commandments were given to them as their Constitution. They are the Magna Charta of the Israelitish people. They are the basis of the compact between them and their sovereign. They include single-hearted allegiance to Him, supremacy of the spiritual life, respect for their fathers, and regard for the four fundamental rights of man—the rights of person, of property, of the family, and of reputation. Let us restate them here as though given to the American people, and by them test recent events in our National life:

Thou hast a Government won at great cost by thy fathers, and by them bequeathed to thee in trust for thy children. Thou shalt not pay to it a divided allegiance.

We have allowed cliques to grow up in America which put the German flag or the Irish flag or the Red flag above the American flag and demand of our fellow-citizens a divided allegiance.

Thou shalt not make things thy gods. Thou shalt not worship wealth. Thou shalt preserve for all thy people a little time from toil for the cultivation of the higher life.

We have allowed an industrial system to grow up in America which takes children from the school and mothers from the home to make cheap goods. Our industries have too often denied the aphorism that the life is more than meat and have accounted the things produced of more value than the men who produced them.

Thou shalt not kill, thou shall not steal, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor, thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. We have allowed a party to grow up in our country who murder and call it industrial war, rob and call it expropriation, commit adultery and call it sexual freedom, blaspheme both God and their fellow-men and call it liberty of speech.

Righteousness is a return to these laws. They are the laws of God because they are the laws of his nature. They are the laws for man because man is God's child and the laws of God's nature are the laws of man's nature. We shall not secure peace by compelling a part of our citizens to obey part of these laws a part of the time. We shall secure peace by all of us obeying all of these laws all of the time. The Governor of Massachusetts has well said: "We do not make laws; we discover them." Theodore Roosevelt was scoffed at for discovering the Ten Commandments. To discover the Ten Commandments, incorporate them in our legislation, and base our social and industrial order upon them is the only road to peace.

TRADE IN BRAINS

MOST of us when we hear the word "trade" think first of steel rails, wool, and gold dollars. But there is another kind of trade between the nations which needs no Cobden to fight for its freedom, and which has known no Senator Hanna as the protagonist of its restriction.

There are no ledger books of this trade from which we can determine with mathematical exactness on which side the balance falls between debtor and creditor nations. Nor do any stock market bulletins even hint of its existence. Yet doubtless in the course of a year this trade accounts for more transactions than ever occur within the confines of Wall or Threadneedle Streets. The trade we speak of is the trade in brains.

When we buy a pair of suspenders or a bond, we see the tangible effect of the exchange. One minute we have x dollars in hand and the next minute we have x minus y dollars plus a few strips of cloth or a bit of paper in which is mystically stored up for future use the fruit of the labor of hundreds of men. When we meet a Frenchman or an Italian, or read an English book or see a Norwegian play, the same exchange of values occurs, though there is no symbolic transfer of a

(C) International

MAJOR J. H. BEITH ("IAN HAY")

tangible security, the word security answering perhaps with equal nicety for both the suspenders and the bond. And yet the Recording Angel doubtless could make a notation of the mental transfer which would make interesting and perhaps surprising reading to all the parties concerned. We might expect to find on such a list notations like the following:

> U. Sampson, of Los Angeles, California, spread-eagled through London yesterday, talking volubly and inaccurately of everything American from Bunker Hill to the climate of his native State. American Pfd. took a violent slump in his vicinity.
>
> John Bullson, of Liverpool, remarked loudly in the station at Peoria, Illinois, "I say, it's beastly queer, there's not a gentleman in the States!" A decided flurry in Britain Ltd. is reported in Peoria.

But the exchange of intangible securities is not always to be found on the debit side of the ledger.

So far as the trade between America and Great Britain is concerned, the largest item of profit for both nations can be found in the exchange of ideas that have found a haven on the printed page. The story of this exchange is almost a story of the relationship of the two nations, a story which affords one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the conquering of provincial prejudice.

On the one side the story began in the adulation of British intellect; on the other, in a no less narrow-minded con-

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tempt for an unknown and hence a barbarous New World. Both elements still exist on either side of the water, but the trend has always and ever been towards a comradeship in letters as enduring as the spirit behind our comradeship in arms in the world war. And it is no further from Bunker Hill to Ypres than it is from Fenimore Cooper's first and forgotten novel of English life to Walt Whitman, or from the famous "Who reads an American book?" to Trevelyan's "American Revolution."

The present exchange of ideas is not dependent on false sentimentality on the one hand or excitement over Woolly Westerners on the other. The American poet does not need (though it has been done) to lie prone on a bearskin while he reads his work before a British public, or drink from a finger-bowl if he would attract British consideration. Britons, anxious for an American audience, no longer find it necessary or reasonable to assume the attitude of the author of "Martin Chuzzlewit" towards the audience they hope to reach.

More and more British authors are turning to America for their widest field of appreciation. The American reading public is learning to measure them at their true worth, though the glamour of the stranger still perhaps clings to their messages.

Four "tradesmen" of British ideas

JOHN DRINKWATER

and ideals are now in this country, and all of them are worthy of the hearing they will doubtless receive. We do not fear that their presence here will cause any slump either in British Ltd. or American Pfd. They all bear names widely known, for a number of creditable reasons, on this side of the Atlantic.

First on the list alphabetically is John Hay Beith, author of "The First Hundred Thousand," a volume describing the training of England's first volunteers, which remains one of the best books of the war. Major Beith, after serving at the front, followed the writing of this volume by an extended tour of the United States, in which he made a noteworthy contribution to American understanding

LORD DUNSANY

of the position and ideals of our British ally.

John Drinkwater, poet and dramatist, whose play "Abraham Lincoln" recently scored the hit of the season in London, is one who should see American life sympathetically and understandingly. His play, as The Outlook has already said, is a notable presentation of the ideals for which Lincoln lived and died. He has caught the spirit, if not the manner, of Lincoln's life. The play will shortly be produced in America, and we are told that it has been carefully revised to meet the more critical knowledge of the theme which its new audience will doubtless possess.

Lord Dunsany is an author whose plays have found many delighted readers in the United States and whose works have been seen on the stage through the medium of Stuart Walker's admirable company. Lord Dunsany is an Irishman, perhaps the best example of the mystical, imaginative Irishman, though he combines with the subtler qualities of his nature a balance and a sanity which do not always accompany the Irishman abroad. His plays are poetic in the highest degree, and, what is more remarkable, the poetry of his thought is woven so closely within the theme and action of his drama that the effect is one of complete unity of purpose. He never indulges in fine writing. His writings never strike the reader as "jewels strung on a clothesline," as is so often the case in what are generally known as literary plays.

Both American and English critics agree in according to Mr. Hugh Walpole a foremost place among the English writers of fiction who have claimed the attention of thoughtful readers in the last ten years. We remember with pleasure that almost at the beginning of Mr. Walpole's literary career The Outlook declared: "In all that pertains to careful, thoughtful, and thorough work in fiction Mr. Walpole stands high among the new writers." One of the qualities that make him distinguished is well described by Mr. Charles Hanson Towne: "He has that genius for the illuminating phrase, whether it is a description of a person or a scene, which puts him in the class of the masters of literature."

It is equally true that Walpole has worked successfully in three or four distinctly differing fields of fiction. Thus his novels "The Duchess of Wrexe" and "The Green Mirror" are excellent studies of different phases of English society which might be called the old régime and the new régime, socially speaking. A "Prelude to Adventure" and "Fortitude," on the other hand, are rather individualistic in their psychology. A third pair of books, so to speak, namely, his "The Dark Forest" and "The Secret City," grew out of Mr. Walpole's comparatively recent experiences in Russia, and are full of the atmosphere of the strangeness of Russian character and temperament.

HUGH WALPOLE

Finally, it is a real pleasure to call attention to the fact that in his newest book, "Jeremy," Mr. Walpole gives us one of the most charming and finest wrought studies of boy life to be found in the English language, and does it in a way which will attract a wider circle of the general reading public than have any of his more elaborated and subtle novels.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION: ITS CONVENTION AND ITS NEW COMMANDER

AN EDITORIAL REVIEW

THE first National Convention of the American Legion met in Minneapolis. It finished its work on November 12. The delegates to this Convention, the only organized representatives of the four million men and women who served their country in the military and naval services during the war, deserved and received a large measure of National attention.

What is to be the attitude of these veterans of the world war? It is a question which many have asked, for upon this answer depends much of the political and industrial future of the United States. Perhaps the best way to find out what these men of the Legion thought and did is to go directly to headquarters and read the report of the Convention as it is to be found from the pen of Mr. Marquis James in the official organ of the Legion, the "American Legion Weekly." We are indebted to that excellent and lively weekly for permission to quote from Mr. James's article. The answer that Mr. James gives is, of course, not that of a dispassionate, impartial outsider, but of a man who took part in the deliberations of the Convention and who is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Legion.

What was the spirit of the Convention? Was it one of public or private interest first? Mr. James writes: "When that band of tired-out, triumphant delegates left the convention hall, they left behind them a record of principles voiced, actions taken, and deliberations made, all in the interest of this Republic, which stands without peer in the annals of free assemblages of the past generation."

What were the principles voiced and the actions taken? Do they justify Mr. James's enthusiasm? Let us see.

In summarizing the results of the Convention, Mr. James divides its conclusions into four groups. The first deals with Americanization, the second with beneficial legislation for the veterans, the third with the military policy of the United States, and the fourth with administrative details.

AMERICANIZATION

Under the heading of Americanization the Convention recommended the creation of a National Americanization commission of the American Legion to realize the Legion's slogan of one hundred per cent Americanism through the conduct of a continuous and constructive patriotic educational campaign throughout the land. This commission will shortly be appointed by the National Executive Committee. Such a commission should prove of immense public benefit. The Convention further recommended that Congress provide for the deportation of Victor L. Berger, that Congress pass laws providing for the deportation of all first-paper aliens who have renounced their intention of becoming citizens, and that Congress make it impossible for first-paper aliens who surrendered their papers to evade military service ever to acquire citizenship. These recommendations seem to us just and fair. Dealing with draft evaders (it seems reasonable to group their treatment under the head of Americanization), the Convention recommended that Congress prevent the release, before the expiration of their sentences, of draft-dodgers and others convicted of offenses against the successful prosecution of the war, and that, where it is possible, such persons be deported upon their release from prison.

The Convention also recommended that Congress immediately investigate the release of conscientious objectors and direct the War Department to recall honorable discharges granted them. The Convention demanded that action be taken against the officials of the War Department responsible for the tender treatment accorded conscientious objectors. There is justice in all these demands.

Three items (also under the head of Americanization) in Mr. James's summary relate to the Japanese question. The first item calls for the abrogation of the so-called "gentleman's agreement" with Japan, and the exclusion of Japanese from the United States on the same principles as those adopted in the case of other Oriental races.

The second item is a recommendation that Section One of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution be amended to the effect that no child born in the United States of foreign parentage shall be eligible to citizenship unless both parents are eligible. This would prevent the naturalization of any child born of a union between an American and an excluded Oriental.

The third item is a recommendation that Congress send a committee to the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands to study alien colonization conditions.

Of these three items the first strikes us as pernicious, the second unnecessary, and the third of possible value but not of cardinal importance.

Still under the same heading, in dealing with enemy propaganda, the Convention recommended that all foreign language publications be required to furnish a translation in the American language of all articles that tend to condemn our form of government, and that five copies of said translation, with the name and address of the writer, be left with the postmaster in the place of publication open to public inspection.

It also recommended that all Americans refrain from patronizing unincorporated organizations ostensibly operating for the relief of the civilian population of countries lately at war with the United States.

It further urged that Congress enact laws to require aliens resident in this country to acquire knowledge of the American language, and that a course in citizenship constitute a part of the curriculum of every public school.

These three recommendations are of varying importance, but are all sound in principle or purpose.

BENEFICIAL LEGISLATION

It was expected that the Convention would witness a serious clash over the question of beneficial legislation for veterans, and many feared that the early ideals of the Legion would go down in defeat before the pressing demand for Government money. No such outcome followed. The Convention declined to go on record in favor of a particular cash bonus, properly leaving this question to Congress for settlement without any expression of its opinion as to what would constitute a just and adequate recognition of the obligation of the Government.

The Legion, however, did recommend to Congress the passage of a constructive measure known as the "American Legion Home Fund Act" embodying these features: (*a*) Reclamation of unproductive lands by the Government for settlement by ex-service men; (*b*) development of rural communities by Government loans; (*c*) direct loans for the purchase and development of farm or city homes. We have not read this bill and hence cannot give any opinion as to its details. The Convention further recommended certain changes and increases in the present recompenses for disabled men. All of these recommended recompenses seem reasonable. The Convention further recommended that the National Legislative Committee of the Legion investigate all complaints of irregularities and injustices suffered by ex-service men at the hands of the War Risk Insurance Bureau and the Federal Board of Vocational Education.

MILITARY POLICY

Perhaps the most unsatisfactory conclusions reached by the Convention dealt with the military policy of the United States, for the delegates apparently straddled this question as beautifully as did President Wilson when he called for a "universal voluntary system of military training." This is just what the Legion has done, for it asks for "universal military training," but is opposed to compulsary military service in time of peace. The Legion condemns a large standing army as extravagant and un-American. It recommends the organization of a National citizen army in territorial units, administered by a general staff on which citizen soldier officers and Regular Army officers shall serve in equal numbers.

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The Convention recommended the establishment of the air service as a separate department under the control of a member of the Cabinet to be appointed for that purpose alone. It was recommended also that officers' training camps be continued and that military training in schools and colleges be encouraged.

Much of this can doubtless be accorded praise, but the details lose interest after the violation of the first general principle that there can be no such thing as universal military training which is wholly voluntary.

ADMINISTRATION

Last of all we come to the Administration of the Legion. Indianapolis was selected as the National Headquarters, and the next Convention called to meet on September 27, 1920, in Cleveland, Ohio. A constitution in keeping with the aims and ideals of the American Legion was adopted and the formation of a woman's auxiliary of the American Legion, open only to mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters of soldiers, sailors, and marines who died in the service during the war, was authorized. Of more general interest, however, is the career of the man who has been chosen as the new Commander of the Legion and who will lead its destinies during the first year of its formal organization.

THE LEGION'S NEW COMMANDER

Franklin D'Olier, whose portrait appears on the cover of this issue of The Outlook, is forty-two years old and a native of New Jersey. He was graduated from Princeton in 1898, and until the outbreak of the war was a commission merchant in cotton and cotton yarns. Mr. D'Olier entered the military service of the United States in April, 1917, as a captain in the Quartermaster Corps. After a few weeks' service at the Philadelphia depot and several months at Boston, he was ordered to France in August, 1917. Owing to the great scarcity of tonnage at that time and the necessity for salvaging material on a large scale, Mr. D'Olier was assigned to the newly organized salvage service, and in January, 1918, took command of the first salvage depot that was operated by the American Army. Within six months the work had grown so rapidly that the personnel increased from 12 to 6,000, and this depot was salvaging for about 750,000 men, and was larger than any depot operated by either the British or French armies. This depot was at St. Pierre des Corps near Tours, France, the headquarters of the service of supply.

In July, 1918, Captain D'Olier was ordered to Lyons, France, to organize the second large depot, which at the time of the armistice had a capacity of taking care of salvaging for upward of a million and a half men. For his work he won promotion to the rank first of major and then of lieutenant-colonel and a position on the General Staff. He also received a Distinguished Service Medal from the United States and the Legion of Honor Medal from France.

Mr. D'Olier was one of the twenty men who initiated the movement for the formation of the American Legion in France in February, 1919. He was associated with Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., in perfecting the preliminary organization of the American Legion.

CONCLUSION

No programme or platform has ever yet been adopted by any body of delegates which met with the approval of every citizen. Critics of the platform of any organization must judge it from the motives that gave it birth and the general merit of its achievement. We certainly do not agree with every detail of the programme of the American Legion, but we do believe that it is fair to say that the Legion has justified the hopes of its friends, for it has dedicated itself to the service of America without regard to political advantage or personal interest. Hats off to the Legion!

THE COAL SITUATION

The Outlook has sent its staff correspondent, Mr. Gregory Mason, to Washington and to the coal fields to get a first-hand report on the coal strike and the conditions which produced it. Our next issue will contain our correspondent's report.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN the officers of the United Mine Workers withdrew the order for the coal strike in obedience to the injunction by Judge A. B. Anderson, of the United States District Court, they did not end the strike. Many believe that they did not intend to end the strike. The notice of the revocation of the strike order was not made on the usual stationery of the United Mine Workers nor was it provided with the seal of that order. In effect the document signed by Acting President Lewis and Secretary-Treasurer Green said:

"The United States Government has ordered us to call off the strike and we hereby do so. But the Government cannot force you to return to work, and you will do as you please about that, remembering that we issue this revocation of the strike order under duress."

The miners have accepted the formal notice from their President as having this tenor, and up to the time that The Outlook goes to press most of them have remained on strike. The conferences between miners and operators under the chairmanship of Secretary Wilson, which were resumed in Washington after the recall of the strike order, have brought no concrete results up to the time this is written. It seemed possible that the

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A CONFERENCE ON THE COAL PROBLEM

Thomas F. Brewster (left), President of the Coal Operators' Association; Secretary Wilson (center); John L. Lewis (right), Acting President of the Mine Workers' Association of America

operators might be willing to grant a small part of the sixty per cent wage increase demanded by the miners, but the opposition of the operators to the six-hour day and five-day week seemed adamantine.

After warning both operators and miners that the public would tolerate a standpat attitude from neither of those groups, Secretary Wilson laid before the Conference proposals of three different methods of negotiation, as follows:

1. Settlement by agreements between scale committees of miners and operators from all districts in joint session.
2. Settlement by committees in each district, acting concurrently.
3. Settlement by the committees of the central competitive fields, such settlement to be used as a basis for agreement in other districts.

The operators, after consideration, declared their readiness to accept the third of these proposals, and negotiations were begun on this basis.

Affairs were at this juncture when Fuel Administrator Garfield returned to Washington and resumed his war-time control of coal. His first act was to summon a joint meeting of the Scale Committee, to see what could be done about a wage increase. The outcome of this conference is uncertain at the time we go to press.

It is plain, however, that action by the Federal authorities is imperative. The public will have its coal. Events in Kansas and North Dakota have proved that. In the former State the State Supreme Court has placed the management of all coal mines in the hands of three receivers. In North Dakota a large mining property was seized by the Home Guard after the Governor had proclaimed martial law.

Coal is practically a necessity of life. The American people will have their coal. Where mine owners and mine employees cannot co-operate to produce the needed coal the Federal Government ought to act. Otherwise State governments may act, and act wrongly.

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HOME AGAIN

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Paddling steadily league by league
Toward the carry of Debsconeag,
Skirting the pools where the great togue lie
And the swift trout flash on the scarlet fly,
Down the wild West Branch we came.
Turning maples touched with flame
Ferny banks where birches leaned;
Dark behind, the spruce wood screened
Abel Stream and Little Mink
Where the deer come down to drink.

Up the river a wild duck flew;
Following after, a white canoe
Toiled and climbed where the rapids ran,
Poled from the stern by a stalwart man
Nearer and nearer—until we saw
The laughing face and the shaven jaw,
The service cap on the wind-tossed hair,
The khaki coat and the Croix de Guerre.
"Wait," said Lisle, "here's a chap I know;
Give him a broadside while we go."

"How be you, Dan?" "How be you, Lisle?"
"Glad you're back?" "Well, I should smile!"
"Seen a lot of doin's?" "Ye-es,
Nigh to all there was, I guess."
"Feelin' rugged?" "Fine an' strong."
"Meet you soon. Good-by!" "So long!"
The brown hands crossed the joined canoes
In the firm, warm grip that woodsmen use;
And up the river went soldier Dan,
Poling away where the rapids ran,
Poling away through the bubbling foam,
Back from the war and going home!

Home! to the woods that are always clean,
Where the long trails wind and the moss is green,
Where the fawns peer out and the partridge drums,
And the cool, sweet wind from Katahdin comes.
Home! where it's good to be alive
In the rush and roar of the river drive;
Where winter nights are made for sleep
When the stars are keen and the snows lie deep.
Home! where the brooks go mad in spring
And the soul is free as the osprey's wing,
Where hearts are true and speech is plain.
Home!—God bless you, men of Maine!

AMERICA, HERE'S HOW!

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

WHEN the commander of a vessel in the American Navy says he will sail at one o'clock, he will sail at one o'clock.

Knowing this, the Consul and I leaned on the rail of the U. S. S. Barney in great contentment. We had every reason to be contented. The Consul had just come out of Russia, and I had just come out of Turkey. In Russia and Turkey steamers and trains arrive and depart at their own sweet will. There is no tyranny of time-tables in Russia and Turkey. To board the Barney was to board a piece of dependable America anchored in a world of chaos and uncertainty. Besides, the Consul and I had just filled ourselves with American cooking in the ward-room of the Barney.

Moreover, from the Barney's deck Constantinople was decidedly beautiful, with the slender minarets of its scores of mosques shimmering in the white heat of midday. Constantinople is always beautiful at a distance; it always "looks good when it's far away." The Consul and I thought we had never seen it look so well as at this moment when we were leaving it.

The Barney is an almost brand-new American destroyer (No. 149). She is therefore of the "flush deck" type, which means that she slopes gradually from tall bow to low flat "fan-tail" stern, instead of being cut down abruptly from just behind the high bridge to a long, low body, as the old destroyers are. She had gone to Asiatic waters from America on her maiden voyage. After cruising a few weeks in the Black Sea, she was now starting home.

A thin vapor began to pour from the forward pair of her four stacks. Three officers who had come aboard in a launch from the naval yacht Scorpion to say good-by hurried down the gangway and putt-putted off, shouting greetings for us to carry to Coney Island and Broadway—places which when abroad American youth thinks it loves.

The glad tingle of getting under way, of leaving "a dirty foreign hole" for home, filled us all. A gob playing with the ship's mascot, a nearly hairless Maltese pup, yelled at a Turkish ferry which passed:

"I don't care if I do leave my Turkish girls. Tell the Sultan he can have 'em all."

And the executive officer, dancing his way to the bridge, informed the world as he clogged that—

> "Everybody ought to know
> How to dance the tickle-toe."

At fifteen seconds after one we dropped our moorings, and most of the afternoon we slid through the smooth blue Sea of Marmora, with the mountains of the Asian coast blurred through a violet haze.

The Dardanelles still bears the scars of war. Here and there around Chanak a pile of bricks marks the effect of a well-aimed shell from the Queen Elizabeth. And the rusty hull of the E-15, a British submarine, lies in the shallows on the Asian side. The banks of the Dardanelles are barren and deserted except for a lonely cypress here and there and an occasional village, with its white minarets slimmer and taller than the slender conifers.

When the sun set in a wash of gold we were off the island of Tenedos, with the mouth of the Dardanelles closing behind us. The placidity of the blue water proved that the wind which tore along the deck of the Barney was artificial. We were making twenty-five knots an hour. Throughout the ship was a great roaring. If you stood on deck in the bow, the wind snapped at your hair and whistled in your ears. Everywhere else on deck was the mighty bass hum of the engine-room blowers. And nowhere below could you escape the hoarse roaring of the ventilators. The effect of the first twenty-four hours aboard a fast-moving destroyer is like the effect of an overdose of quinine—your head aches and your ears ring.

Early the next morning we stood in to the entrance of the Corinth Canal. This was a roundabout way of going home, and the detour was made purely for sight-seeing. The Barney had counted on the usual ten days for recreation on the way home as a reward for good service abroad, but at the last hour before sailing orders came canceling this leisure. As a compromise we were permitted to go home via

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the Corinth Canal, which the skipper had set his heart on seeing.

The canal is about four miles long and seventy feet wide. It is twenty-six feet deep. Thus it is not large enough for big ships. It is a pity that while they were at it the Greeks did not dig a canal big enough for any vessel. The canal is perfectly straight, and the walls of hard clay or sand are in some places two hundred feet high. When we came out on the Gulf of Corinth, with our glasses we could see the ruins of the old city of Corinth on a brown hillside a few miles behind the modern town.

Our next stop was the island of Malta, and just twenty-four hours after we had reached the entrance of the Corinth Canal with our blinker light we were asking the man in the tower at Valetta for permission to enter the harbor and take oil. The permission granted, we tied up alongside a British tanker. Here was a very practical example of Anglo-American friendship for you!

I wonder how many Americans know what the British navy means to America. This voyage was an object-lesson in that respect. At Constantinople, at Malta, and again at Gibraltar this American destroyer was able to get fuel only by the kindness of the British navy. The skipper summed up what we all felt when he came back from a call on the British Admiral at Valetta and said:

"They're great fellows, those Limies. Just say you're an American and they'll give you anything they've got."

Perhaps the relations between the British and American navies have never been so cordial as they are to-day. This is the result of the co-operation between the two navies in the war, when each learned to respect and admire the other. Of course our enlisted men and the "Limies" fight as often as not when they meet on shore leave, but this only indicates a normal pride of organization and *esprit de corps* which secretly pleases the officers of both nations, however much they may publicly frown upon these brawls. In this connection there is a good story going the rounds. An American bluejacket and a British tar stood at the end of a British dock where lay a motor-sailer ready to carry the Yank to his ship, which was sailing within the hour for home. During his eighteen months' association with the British in the war zone the Yank had carefully refrained from any criticism of the "Limey" which might make bad feeling, but now that the war was won and his service in British waters ended he determined to empty his heart. As he spoke he chewed tobacco, and he punctuated his remarks with expectoration.

Said the Yank: "I don't give a blinkety-blank for your whole blankety-blink-blank country." (Expectoration.)

The Limey only grunted.

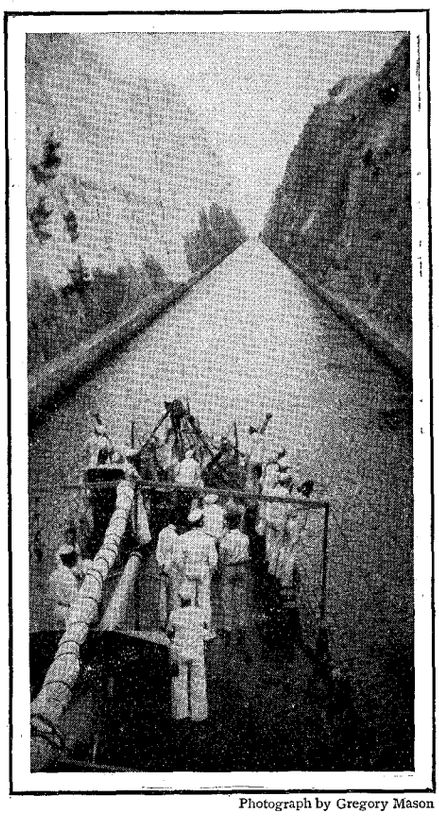
Yank. And I don't give a blinkety-blank for your blankety-blink-blank old King. (Expectoration.)

Limey. Uh-huh.

Yank. And I don't give a blinkety-blank for your blankety-blinkety-blink-blank navy. (Expectoration.)

Limey. That's quite all right, but don't you dare spit in my blank-blank ocean.

Between Malta and Gibraltar the sea got rough, a rare thing in summer time



Photograph by Gregory Mason

U. S. S. BARNEY ENTERING THE CORINTH CANAL

in the Mediterranean. The two passengers were not the only ones aboard the Barney who barely staved off seasickness with the help of dill pickles, and some did not stave it off. It is not unusual for old hands on destroyers—even skippers—to be seasick. Long and narrow in form, the boats roll easily. And at their express speed a small wave strikes them with the force of a much larger wave striking a boat going slower. The motion of a destroyer is unique. It often enough comprises a combination of rolling and pitching, but whether the boat is rolling, pitching, or both, she is always also trembling from the beat of her great engines, and this steady trembling is very hard on some stomachs.

Not the least of the many charms of the Mediterranean is the prevalence of old-fashioned navigation there. Hardly an hour passed but we saw the sheen of canvas of some kind—ketch, barkentine, schooner, brigantine, mighty full-rigged ship, or a brig, which from a few points off either bow suggested two Chinese pagodas with her two masts of symmetrical square-rigged sails.

After stopping at Gibraltar to oil, the Barney swung up the coast to Lisbon. This stop, like the detour through the Corinth Canal, was a concession granted at the last moment by a severe Navy Department which had canceled the original full programme of pleasure. Lisbon is wide awake, picturesque, and gay—very gay. Of course the various forms of aleatory amusement which Lisbon offers would not appeal to a ship-load of American youth when there are art galleries to see. Of course not!

Lisbon did not hold us long. We had only one more stop to make—the Azores—and then home. Between Lisbon and Ponta Delgada we overtook another American destroyer. In every detail a twin of the Barney, she was forced to hold herself down to fifteen knots an hour while we were doing twenty. There is a great deal of variation among American destroyers in regard to fuel consumption, and this, while of little importance on a short run, tells vitally in a long voyage. As the speed of a destroyer increases, her fuel consumption increases more than proportionately. That is, at twenty knots one of these boats burns more than twice as much fuel as she burns at ten knots. And the rate of increase varies in individual boats. It is all a matter of the skill with which they were made. We, for example, were able to make the run from Lisbon to Ponta Delgada at twenty knots. But though this other destroyer carried as much oil as we, she would have found herself out of fuel before reaching the Azores if she had gone much faster than fifteen knots. There are one or two ship-builders whose boats are superior to all others in point of fuel economy. All destroyer men like to get billets on these boats. And the builders of the less economical (and consequently, on long runs, slower) boats would blush if they could hear some of the things said about them by the skippers of the ships they turned out. The point is, of course, that during the war we wanted new destroyers faster than the best builders could produce them, and it was therefore necessary to let some contracts to less skillful constructors.

Soon after we had dropped this sister ship over the horizon—having taken a radio from her skipper to his wife—we sighted what looked like a school of tadpoles cavorting on the ocean's rim ahead. With them was a fat mother frog. Of course, even if we had not been talking to them by radio the trained eyes on the Barney would have known them at once for what they were, a score of submarine chasers and their mother ship.

Here was navigation for you with a vengeance! Each one of those little craft—really nothing but a big cruising launch—was commanded by a young officer from the Reserve, who, like as not, could not have told a sextant from a searchlight two and a half years ago.

"By thunder!" yelled our skipper admiringly, himself a trained Annapolis man; "by thunder, you've got to hand it to those kids! You know it's no joke to cross the ocean in one of those little power canoes. Those young birds in command of those chasers are what I call seafaring men—yes, sir, *seafaring men.*"

Not the least of what America has gained by the war is the possession of a

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large body of young men now returning to private life who know navigation and who love the sea. Through the communities in which they live—often inland communities—these men will spread an admiration for America's rôle as a maritime Nation and an appreciation of the importance of maintaining this country's first line of defense—the Navy.

A soft gray light was just creeping over the sleepy sea when we raised the lovely mountainous coast of the Azores. It was well that we got in early. There was just enough fuel in the American tanker at Punta Delgada to take one destroyer to New York. We got it. Twenty minutes after we maneuvered alongside of the tanker and began to drink up her oil another destroyer entered the harbor, sniffing hungrily. She waited there three days before she got her fill. We left two hours later. As we passed her going out a gob on her searchlight platform semaphored:

"When we pass you, have a tow line ready."

Quick as a cat a bluejacket climbed to our platform and answered:

"Thank you, but we have no need of your services."

Now we were off on the last lap. Every one had been happy before; now all were hilarious. "Relieve the wheel and set the watch," yelled the skipper, grinning like a schoolboy starting on a vacation. And then, to his pet helmsman: "Brown, you're relieved till we make New York. Ambrose Channel for yours." And Brown made the fifteen-foot drop to the main deck in one slide, the envy of the whole ship.

"Say, Duke," bawled the skipper, and a stinging straight left in the chest informed me that this sudden nickname was applied to me, "how would you like to cruise around in one of these private yachts all the time? Some life, hey?"

It is "some life" at times. When a destroyer is with the fleet, the days are just work, work, work, but when a destroyer is cruising alone, or with one or two of her own kind, she is a private yacht for the pleasure of the life aboard. Aside from a little navigation, there is not much work to do then after the five or six meals of the day have been put away.

This was destroyer life at its best, and destroyer duty is the best sea duty in the Navy. All over the world you will find these sea-whippets of Uncle Sam doing the rough-and-tumble work of the Navy, carrying a special diplomatic mission up the Danube, rescuing a missionary in Asia Minor, nipping a filibustering expedition in Central America. And wherever they go they evoke admiration for the men who made them and the men who man them. When it comes to going anywhere, any time, under any conditions, *and in a hurry*, no other ships, not even the destroyers of any other navy, can compare with these leanest and fleetest hounds of our own kennel.

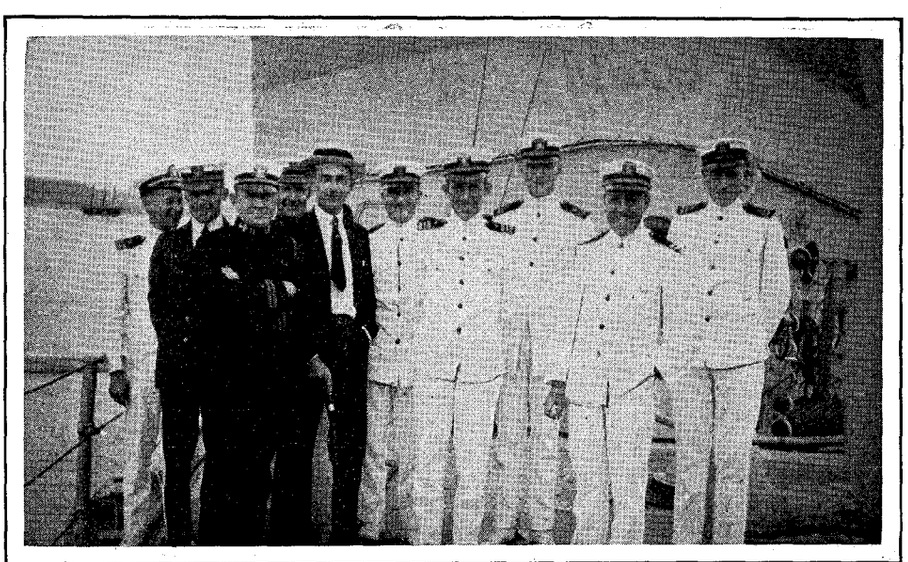
We had no fleet to worry us about keeping in position. No grim old shell-back of an Admiral to signal over sarcastic inquiries as to who was our officer of the deck when some maneuver was not executed just perfectly, and to suggest that the erring officer try to learn a little seamanship in a few days' confinement below.

But even with good food, good beds, and good company, in some respects we did not attain the private-yacht standard of comfort. We were going too fast, for one thing. It was difficult even to read with that unceasing trembling of the whole ship. And the everlasting roaring of blowers and ventilators would make some sensitive millionaires nervous. Bridge was the main standby of those off duty—bridge and frequent ministrations of the Filipino cook and Phelps, the colored genie of the ward-room, whose capacity for producing lemonade and iced tea was really superhuman. The conversation was energetic but not voluminous. There is a saying that the conversation of the wardrooms consists of positive statements, absolute denials, and bets. A "World Almanac" is an invaluable arbitrator in every ward-room.

And then there was song. But that grew less in volume as we approached home and the anxieties of the executive officer increased. "Everybody ought to know how to do the tickle-toe," no doubt, but every executive officer ought to know how to make a landfall, and yet I have never seen one who did not believe, in spite of a hundred observations and calculations as well as a perfect record in the past, that this time he was going to land her on a rock. Our "Exec," who was the star tenor of the Barney's ward-room, grew busier and busier each day, and conferences between him and the equally careful skipper grew more frequent. The executive officer, who is what a layman might call "first mate" on a destroyer, is charged with the duties of navigator on these boats. In some ways he is the busiest man on the ship. The captain at times is very busy, and at times he has a good deal of leisure. He needs some leisure, for he has the ultimate responsibility for everything. As they say in the Navy, "the skipper holds the bag."

Navigation is a beautiful science. To take your ship across two thousand miles of water, to find your position again and again from sun and stars, to allow for deviation in your compass, for drift by tide and other currents and displacement by wind, and then to strike within a mile or two of your mark—does not that appeal to the artist as well as to the scientist in man?

We were aiming for Nantucket Shoals lightship, twenty-two hundred miles from Ponta Delgada. "We ought to pick her up at eleven o'clock to-night," said the "Exec" on the afternoon of the fifth day out of the Azores. At nine o'clock the sky grew black. At ten we were in the midst of a heavy thunderstorm. The rain fell in solid sheets, but continual flashes of lightning gave us a visibility of a mile or a mile and a half, even through the veil of falling water. The captain and all his officers were on the bridge except the one who had the mid-watch and the man who was to succeed him at four o'clock. It was a tense hour. Anxious eyes under sou'westers peered out from both sides of the bridge, scanning half the circumference of the compass for that pin-point of light which would mean that we were all right, that we had hit our landfall,



Photograph by Gregory Mason

OFFICERS AND GUESTS OF U. S. S. BARNEY AT LISBON

and that our "Exec's" navigation was vindicated. The skipper and the "Exec" were on pins and needles. They bit into the stems of their short sea pipes, and the "Exec" kept humming nervously:

"Everybody ought to know
How to do the tickle-toe."

"Where's Luke McGluke? I want coffee," bellowed the captain down a voice tube. Presently a Filipino mess-boy braved a soaking to bring coffee and sandwiches to the bridge.

At 10:30 we slowed down several knots. At 10:45 the captain sang out:

"Where's Martin? Tell him to stand by with that lead."

Martin and another climbed to the

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bridge and got ready the sounding lead. There are spots on Nantucket Shoals no more than a fathom deep. Unless we picked up that light in the next fifteen minutes we might suddenly find ourselves aground.

"What time is it?" asked the skipper, without turning from his scrutiny of the alternate blinding light and pitch-darkness ahead.

"Ten-fifty, sir," answered the "Exec," whose reputation depended on picking up the light by eleven.

"Ready with that lead?" asked the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir."

Then occurred one of those phenomena which illustrate the fascinating variety and uncertainty of the sea, that almost human fickleness which makes some men love her more than they love their own kind. At the moment that it happened, the "Exec," the officer of the deck, and another officer were to port, the captain, a quartermaster, and I were to starboard. After a vivid flash of lightning we were in the darkness of the grave, when, without the slightest warning, a long cone of light lunged at us from a point dead ahead. It missed us by apparently only a few feet and illuminated the oily folds in the low clouds to starboard and the white sheet of the rain. "A big ship right on us," I thought. The skipper roared an order and, leaping for the whistle lever, pulled two long, hoarse blasts. "I have way on, but have stopped my engines," this signal meant. Then we strained our eyes for the dark hulk of the other ship and waited for the crash.

"I see her!" suddenly shouted the captain; "the light, I mean; I see the light!"

"Where away, sir?"

"Dead ahead."

Yes, there was a mere pin-point of faint yellow right in our course. But could it be the lightship we were searching? If so, where was the ship which had thrown that searchlight at us and nearly scared us blue? It was a minute or two before we could all believe the right explanation.

By some freak of atmosphere the wall of cloud ahead of us had suddenly been pierced for a distance of several miles. The rays from that dim light ahead, perhaps with some unnatural magnification, sweeping through the narrow funnel in the clouds, had produced that realistic imitation of a searchlight which had deceived even these trained seamen and convinced us all that we were about to be run down. You might sail the seas a million years and never see that phenomenon again, and yet to-morrow you might see something just as unusual, just as uncanny. O Lord, what landsmen miss!

But the great fact before us was that we had picked up the lightship.

"What time is it now?" asked the captain again.

"Ten-fifty-five, sir," answered a quartermaster.

"Boy, you're there!" shouted the skipper, seizing his navigator's hand; "twenty-two hundred miles from Ponta Delgada to Nantucket lightship, and if we don't change course we'll run her down." And he gave the order to change course.

What are the feelings of a young composer receiving the applause of a great Metropolitan audience after the first performance of a successful symphony? What are the feelings of a young playwright called before the curtain to face the thunderous applause for his first great play? Are they much different from the feelings of that young navigator then, even if his audience was only half a dozen trained young sea-dogs like himself, and almost as taciturn? He gave little time to the enjoyment of his triumph. A few declarations of the general importance of learning to dance the tickle-toe, and he was back in the chart-house, buried in calculations which resulted in hitting Ambrose Channel lightship in the morning as exactly as we had run down the Nantucket Shoals light in the night.

Through a blue heat haze gleamed the yellow sandy coast of Long Island—the first glimpse of America. Brown, the star helmsman, took the wheel, and we hummed along picking up familar landmarks—Sandy Hook to port, sleepy Coney Island to starboard; then the Narrows, crowded by bustling excursion steamers, and finally the familiar pinnacles of lower New York. Nothing seemed altered, and yet how the spirit behind it all had changed! Two years and a half ago America stood alone, despised for her aloofness. Now she is playing the Good Samaritan to the world. I have seen her steamers carrying food to Russians, Rumanians, Bulgars, and Turks, and I have seen her doctors and nurses ministering to Chinese, Armenians, Greeks, and Italians. And, America, all Europe, all Asia, looks to you to-day for moral leadership no less than for material succor.

The Barney anchored off Ninety-sixth Street, and at a refreshment stand on the pier I found something for which I had searched in vain through twenty-seven months in twenty-seven more or less hungry countries of Europe and Asia. A sign announced "Ice Cold Milk."

"Give me a quart," I said to the boy behind the counter. And then, as I raised the first glass of the rich creamy fluid, I astonished him by remarking:

"America, here's how!"

LEST WE FORGET

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

CHÂTEAU THIERRY

OF course you visit the crucified districts of France, not as a mere tourist, but as a pious pilgrim.

Your first visit from Paris is likely to be to Château Thierry. The destruction in the town is not remarkable, compared with some other towns, save in the most centrally located commercial quarter, where the Boche mined the houses and made a fairly clean sweep of them. In the fine Romanesque church all the glass is gone. The château (for which the little city is named) no longer exists; it was built by Charles Martel some eleven hundred years ago. But the underground passages of the château—passages which recently sheltered German officers—do still exist.

What interests us more are the outskirts of the town. One way you may see the remains of two bridges on the Marne, where the machine-gun men of our Third Division ("the Rock of the Marne") held back the enemy for four days and later put across a pontoon, the whole episode forming one of the most important of the war.

In the other direction lies Belleau. I could get no wheel accommodation thither, so started off on foot. I had gone two or three miles when, at a crossroads, a little Ford, driven by a young lady, overtook me.

The young lady said: "*Monsieur, voulez-vous m'indiquer le chemin à Belleau?*"

Something in the girl's expression and accent suggested a question in rejoinder. "Are you not an American?" I asked in English.

"Yes, indeed," she answered.

"Well, then, I can 'indicate' the road in English," I said, pointing to the highway along which I had already started.

To my agreeable surprise, she asked: "Won't you let me give you a lift?" adding, prudently: "We are a party traveling together; the others are in the camion right behind."

In a trice I was in the Ford, but not so quickly that I could not see the somewhat anxious expression on the faces of the people in the camion.

It turned out that all were agents of the admirable Shurtleff refugee work and that they had just delivered some refugees from Paris to their homes near Château Thierry.

Like myself, these Americans wanted to see Belleau Wood, where our compatriots fought a year ago. There is no carriage road thither from the village of Belleau; it takes twenty minutes to walk to the summit.

I asked one of our doughboys in the village what there was to see up there. He answered: "Nothing but desolation."

It was true. In the forest many trees

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were entirely dead, and others dead as far down as the roots. Millions of branches are still lying on the ground. Many broken branches still hang downwards from the tree-trunks. There is little leafage. But buds have burst at the base of some trunks snapped off a few feet from the ground—indeed, trunks and the branches have been broken and wrenched as a limb might be from some living animal body; if the tree were bleeding red, one could not have wondered! On every hand spaces have been forced between branches and broken trees, and the spaces still remain, where masses of men met each other, as it were yesterday, in mortal embrace. You fancy you hear the crashing of those branches, the hissing of shells, the groans of the wounded and dying.

Here, in a place so near Paris, to the eternal glory of all Americans concerned, our Second Division held the Boche from the further crushing back of the thinner French line.

Never had either Germans or French supposed that we, shopkeepers and bookkeepers, "soft" people, could put up anything like that. You see the ruins of a tower in which one marine of the Second Division killed seven Germans with a hand grenade. A French officer said to me: "You Americans fought like tigers. Each did more than his duty, and with irresistible dash. These are men to have with you rather than against you."

Here and there are graves, a rude cross of wood at the head. It is appropriate that those who fell at Belleau should lie here (and not elsewhere) where the world's liberty was won. This hill ought to be ours. The French Government should see that it becomes an American monument.

SOISSONS

Just about a year ago our Second Division was in the fighting here at Soissons. It went into action with our First Division and the French Moroccan forces in the Tenth Army of France under that indomitable fighter, General Mangin. Our Second lost more men both in general casualties and in killed than any other division in the American Expeditionary Force; the First comes next, and then the Third.

The First Division was the first to be in France and will be the last to leave. This division was also the first to be in a sector, the first to fire a shot at the Boche, the first to attack, the first to conduct a raid, the first to be raided, the first to capture prisoners, the first to inflict casualties and the first to suffer casualties. Though these casualties were not as large as those of the Second Division, they amounted to two-thirds of the First Division's total strength. Moreover, it was the first to be cited singly in General Orders and the first in the number of division, corps, and army commanders produced from its personnel. As at Château Thierry, so here at Soissons, special interest comes from American participation in the last of the four years and more of fighting. And such fighting! You see the results hereabouts. The fields are still sown with shells. The forests are war-worn. In only one canton of this Department of the Aisne at least seventy thousand fruit trees have been wiped out of existence.

It seems splendid that Soissons Cathedral should have escaped at all. Of the cathedrals battered by war, it has distinction as the one much broken without but quite untouched within. It is an interesting church architecturally, for it illustrates all the styles from the round-arched Romanesque to the flamboyant Gothic. As one contemplates the widespread destruction of the city of Soissons and of the country of the Chemin-des-Dames, it is cheering to see that the most precious monument of art in all this region, this exquisitely proportioned and decorated Cathedral's interior, has not been desecrated. It still exists in dignity and beauty.

"A Road of Remembrance," as it has been called, is now being planned across the Chemin-des-Dames, connecting the battlefields of the Somme and the Oise with those of the Aisne and the Marne.

SAINT QUENTIN

In 1914, in the Oise valley, the Germans got as close to Paris as Chantilly and Senlis—and that was pretty close. Indeed, for a moment they got closer, but were forced to retire to the Senlis line.

As we look to-day at the statue of the Great Condé at Chantilly we fancy that his spirit guarded the place in 1914, protecting the castle from destruction. The Condé family made the Château of Chantilly so magnificent as to bring it into rivalry with the royal residences; indeed, Charles V said that he would give one of his Dutch provinces for it.

If the Germans did not harm Chantilly, they did harm the old Roman city of Senlis, a few miles away, where Hugues Capet was elected King, where Joan of Arc saved the French from the English, and where Henry V of England married Katharine of France. The Boches did not even spare the hospital at Senlis. But they did spare the Cathedral, with its slender spire, one of the highest and stateliest in France.

Appalling as is the ruin at Senlis, the ruin at Compiègne is still more appalling both in extent and in ghastly freshness, for the Compiègne destruction is only a year old. Fortunately, the fine city hall was saved and also the splendid palace, a favorite residence of French monarchs.

You have to spend the night at Compiègne in order to take advantage of the nearest lodging to the towns beyond it—Noyon, Chauny, Tergnier, Saint Quentin. You are well cared for at the Hôtel du Palais or at the Hôtel de Flandre. At Noyon the bare, broken, gaunt walls of the Romanesque Cathedral lend a certain majesty and relief, but the other towns possess hardly a wall of any kind. The country all about is pitted with shell-holes and mine craters. Barbed wire replaces the grain-fields and vineyards.

In the vast plain of Saint Quentin you may still see many trenches. The soil has been fairly murdered. There is mile after mile of uncultivated land. Some of it looks almost savage. Think of the refugees returning, after having suffered and lost so much, to find their soil with unexploded shells and grenades buried everywhere!

Much of the city of Saint Quentin is destroyed. From time to time some of the houses that are left fall down, half ruined as they are and disintegrated by the rain.

I found no lodging accommodation in Saint Quentin and nothing to eat but bread. I asked the woman who sold me a tiny loaf if she had been in the town during the German occupation. "Oh, no, Monsieur," she answered; "I came back on January 22. And what did I find? Look around you."

I also asked the porter of the city hall, an exquisite architectural bit of the fourteenth century, resembling similar Belgian buildings, if the Germans had removed the statue in front of us. "Yes, indeed, Monsieur," he explained. "They took everything that was bronze or brass or copper. The German Government was also very hard on our living conditions."

One still sees traces of that Government here. Some of the Germans' street signs, "Binger Weg," for instance, are not yet obliterated.

The Cathedral has lost its high roof; with its great western Romanesque tower and double transepts, it seems more than ever a fortress.

Back of the ruined houses in the little streets around the Cathedral you may discover some exquisite gardens, such shrubs there as have not been broken down and destroyed being now in full flower. One thinks of the many peaceful hours the householders have passed there under the Cathedral's shade.

VERDUN

As there is no inn in ruined Verdun, the only way to see it comfortably is to spend the nights at some near-by town, like this town of Sainte Ménehould. One finds comfort at the Hôtel de Metz or at the Hôtel St. Nicolas. In the evenings the thing to do here is to climb the hill, rising right out of the midst of the town, to a little chapel and graveyard at the top and look out upon the Argonne Forest. From your vantage-point it is spread out before you for many miles from north to south, a vast forested carpet covering the famous ridge. As you gaze upon it you have a graphic picture which only such a personal visit as this gives of a region of splendid strategic strength in defense and of corresponding difficulty to our men and the French in their attack. It gives new meaning to the "Mort au Champ d'Honneur" on the gravestones at your feet.

But what shall we say of Verdun? Those who would make a pilgrimage journey to it, yet cannot, may rest assured that next year there will still be ruins

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a-plenty to see. For Verdun has certainly been shot up and shot through.

Yet, wonderful to relate, the Cathedral on its sightly hill still stands, its two towers apparently impregnable and certainly defiant. You should visit the Cathedral if for nothing more than to get the startling effect of the sunlight on the interior as it pours through a great gash in the wall. And then you should see the underground vaults of the citadel to appreciate how a people could exist there during the bombardment without any sun at all.

Everything in Verdun speaks of the death which for two years hung over it. I have been looking at a great monumental cross; on one side of it you read, "*On les aura*" [We will get them], 1916;" and on the other, "*On les a* [We have them], 1918."

I passed by a shop bearing the sign "*Mortuaire Funéraire.*" Shells had burst into it; it was sad to see the destruction of the marble headstones and monuments destined for the cemeteries. One monument drew my special attention—a pedestal on which three children were standing, doubtless symbolical of some one's three precious dead children. The graceful limbs stood out in clear relief under the children's attire, but each of the three heads had been shot off as clean as if a knife had done it.

You think of the desperate onslaught of the Germans and the no less desperate resistance of the French. You remember Pétain's "They shall not pass." And you remember how, inspired by this, the French wounded fought until they dropped, not knowing that they had been hit, and when brought to the operating stations, where the supply of chloroform was apt to run short, were still so oblivious to all but Pétain's proclamation as to bear amputations apparently without pain.

The famous forts about the city are at such a distance from it that much time has to be consumed in going from one to another. Only by visiting these forts—especially Douaumont, with its underground passages—may one gain any proper conception of what the siege of Verdun meant, especially in the difficulty of transporting supplies. The forts themselves—Douaumont, Vaux, Souville, Tavannes, St. Michel, and the rest—are of course not so outwardly imposing as formerly. But you can well distinguish the hills and rises of grounds which mark them.

In the vast amphitheater which they encircle, with the city of Verdun in the middle, there took place doubtless the most terrible battle in all history as to duration, as to the forces engaged, and as to the resulting casualties.

As you recall those million casualties you like to feel that Verdun is the city the most decorated by medals and insignia in the whole war. Never before has a town received such tributes for valor. Some of the Allies indeed have never before awarded their highest decorations to a municipality. France conferred upon Verdun the Croix de Guerre and the Cross of the Legion of Honor; Great Britain, the British Military Cross; Italy, the Gold Medal for Military Bravery; Belgium, the Cross of the Order of Leopold; Russia, the Order of the Cross of St. George; Serbia and Montenegro, their medals of valor; while Japan gave a gold sword to Verdun. What is to be America's gift?

ARRAS

The impressive thing to me to-day has been the effect of wider stretches of land than I have yet seen in France; mostly flat, low-lying land, with many canals and too many marshes in French Flanders; while on the higher lands between the Oise and the Somme and between the Ancre and the Scarpe we had in the one case a forested watershed not yet destroyed, and in the other the ghastly sight of one completely destroyed.

There is another thing to impress one. About this great city of Lille the districts seem to have been practically untouched by the Boche because they apparently easily fell into his hands. For four years and more he has occupied them—held them in shameful and brutal bondage. So in their flaunting summer splendor they seem almost more pitiful than do the regions of ruined fields, orchards, forests, buildings, which resisted him. The violation appears somehow just as sickening.

Still another thing to impress me is a greater abjectness than I have yet seen. At Rheims and Soissons and other places you have something or other, generally a cathedral, to make a distinct mark and variety in all the surrounding desolation. But at Arras what is there? And as for the neighboring towns of Albert and Lens—well, they mark an even greater completeness of destruction. And think, too, of the underground destruction at Lens, the stoppage of the yearly yield of millions of tons of coal.

The next thing to impress me is the fact that all through the Somme and Scarpe regions there are more Boche prisoners at work than I have noted in the valleys south of these. The prisoners look at us stupidly. They look like men who do not—cannot—comprehend what they have done or what is now being done for them. Do they even apprehend?

In this whole day I have discovered but one man with a scythe, and his plot of grass in the vast plain was no larger than one of our city lots. Only occasionally do we see a man plowing or hoeing—carefully, lest he strike an unexploded shell. Not a day passes but what some death occurs from this cause, so thickly strewn are these shells. One of the soldiers showed me a plot of ground from which, he said, two hundred and forty unexploded *obus* and grenades had been taken.

The great factories, intact, in French Flanders give it a hard, sordid look compared with that of the rest of France. So are most countries and cities given over to industries and manufactures somewhat sordid looking and lacking in individual character. It will be a relief to turn back from this more characterless city of Lille, with its quarter of a million people and its atmosphere of cotton, linen, and woolen goods manufacture, to the smaller neighboring city of Douai (of the "Douai Version," that standby of English and American Roman Catholics) with the majestic towers of the city hall and of the Church of St. Pierre still standing. Would that the very tall tower of the Arras city hall were also standing! But alas for the crowning glory of the ancient capital of Artois!

Between Douai and Arras as far as the eye can see the country seems like the ocean, bounded by a continuous flat horizon and with the vast space in between unaccentuated, except away off there very dimly by Vimy Ridge—to become a memorial park to the Canadians. The villages are so sunk in ruins that they are but a part of the dead level until you get close upon them. Here and there in the plain some lean-to has been used for a shelter and makes hardly more of a dent in the landscape than would a great weed. Then more monotony, broken perhaps by some sad little graveyard or, once in a very great while, by a furtive attempt at a vegetable garden, still less often by some party of prisoners waiting at a crossroads and guarded by a few French soldiers, the roads outlined only by stumps of trees, gaunt, broken, horrible. Possibly you may discover the line of a little path under those trees; you think of lovers that once strolled along that path and of their elders who found rest in the grateful shade at close of day. Miles and miles you may go not seeing a human being, not seeing any cattle, not even a bird. A sad land indeed. A region where the weeds seem weedier, the earth fuller of lime and stone and of the masses of rusty, twisted, barbed wire in the high grass than in any region I have seen. A land of broken-down men and women, a land not so picturesque as the rest of France because of the replacing of stone buildings by brick in the towns, and in the outskirts of this city of Lille even by wood. It all seems more horrible in its tragedy than do the more picturesque valleys of the south in theirs.

But there is one thing in this country to-day of awful picturesqueness—the poppies, a flower which seems to spring up in greater abundance than elsewhere if the ground has been somewhat disturbed. While the grass has been melting and softening the trenches into a general level, it would seem as if nature had awakened in sudden protest to what she had already done and had outlined those jagged trenches by the gory poppy, making them vivid in symbolic blood-red. And this, "lest we forget."

ELBERT F. BALDWIN.

Lille, France.

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COMMUNITY CIVICS

A PRACTICAL EDUCATIONAL COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

III—TRANSPORTATION AND COMMUNICATION IN NEW YORK CITY

BY MARY B. MORSE

OF THE JULIA RICHMAN HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

This is the third of the series of articles written for The Outlook by representative teachers of the New York High Schools which will follow and interpret the new course in Community Civics which forms such an important part of the required work of the New York High Schools this fall and winter.—THE EDITORS.

INTRODUCTION

An airplane went over this morning. I wonder if it was Lawrence Sperry slipping down to Philadelphia on an errand for his wife, and if he'll be back for luncheon. The first time I went to Philadelphia I walked, and it took six days.

"Direcktor" Stuyvesant stumped about the village on his wooden leg, or, at best, rode in a lumbering coach drawn by four stalwart horses. This morning our city officials are gliding to their places of business in swift and silent limousines.

My grandfather used to load his wool and grain on a rented canal boat, attach his own horses, and walk the tow-path behind his team for five days to reach the city market, sixty miles away. The produce from his farm still goes to the same market. All that is left of the canal is the ditch marking its former course, and the present owner of this farm boards the train with his products in the morning, sells them in the city before noon, and returns with the cash receipts in his pocket the same evening.

When the first telephones were installed in our up-State towns, business men often talked between villages forty miles apart. It was customary, however, for the caller and the callee to exchange letters in verification of the conversation. About two years ago a dinner was given where each guest was provided with a telephone connected by wire with San Francisco, twenty-seven hundred miles away. The conversation carried on over that distance was as audible and distinct as the voice of a neighbor over a party wire. And, just recently, it is reported that the President, while sitting at his desk, has been chatting with airmen overhead without the aid of wires.

Some of these stories were told to a class of high school boys and girls, and then they were asked what they thought had brought about this wonderful progress in transportation and communication. Various replies were received. Some attributed it to broader education, others suggested the unquenchable genius of the few illustrious inventors whose minds have conceived and made possible the telegraph, the telephone, the wireless, the steam-engine, the electric motor, the gas motor, and the airplane. Finally one quiet little fellow in horn spectacles raised his hand and said: "I think it is because there are more of us. We do more things and are scattered over more of the country than people were in the early times, and the scientists just had to invent ways of keeping us together."

FRANK A. REXFORD.

MANY years ago in England a good householder sorely needed some bricks, so he dug his clay from the most handy spot—the street abutting his property. One dark night a fellow-townsman fell into the pit, now well filled with rain, and was drowned. When relatives of the deceased brought suit for damages, the decision rendered was against the plaintiffs, on the ground that the Court could not see where else the clay could be found! To-day that householder would be shocked at the restrictions the community places on him; not only would he be digging his clay elsewhere, but he would be told the kind of pavement to be placed in front of his house, the amount of tax he should pay for its upkeep, and exactly how near the curb he could place a fence or his house. The importance of easy, safe, and speedy communication is so undisputed that no one would consider these restrictions as hindrances, but rather enlarged opportunities for personal freedom.

THE CONTROL AND CARE OF THE STREETS

Washington was laid out according to a definite plan, while New York, like most of our older cities, followed natural lines of development. To-day, when we are struggling to walk through the crowds on a congested avenue, we wonder why the cross streets are placed at such short distances, while the avenues, where the heavy traffic flows, are from two to three times farther apart. This unfortunate arrangement is the natural result of the type of travel that prevailed when the upper or numbered streets were planned. The longer distances—those running north and south—were covered by travel on the expeditious river boats, not by the slower, tedious trip up the avenues. The prophets of the day never expected the city to grow northward, but rather across the Hudson River toward New Jersey. Herein is the main difficulty with our city plan of to-day.

Despite the handicap of a poor plan and great physical limitations due to the shape of the island, New York aims to overcome this disadvantage by excellent construction and care of its streets. When the street is first opened, its construction is authorized by the Department of Public Works of the borough in which the street is located. The cost of this work is covered by special assessment on the properties that benefited from the improvement, but the future repairs of the street are made at the expense of the city. Various kinds of pavements are used: macadam, costing $2 a square yard, serves well in the sparsely settled regions until a permanent pavement is required; granite blocks, costing $3.60 a square yard if laid on a concrete foundation, are used on steep grades and for streets on which trucking is very heavy; asphalt is more expensive—$5 a square yard—but provides the best pavement for general use; wood blocks are the most costly ($6 per square yard), but are excellent for paving in the vicinity of hospitals, etc., where quiet is desirable. In every case pavings are chosen to suit the type of traffic that prevails in that locality. Cheaply constructed pavements are expensive, not only because they must be replaced more often and retard traffic on account of their chronic bad condition, but also because they actually menace health, as they are so difficult to keep clean.

Beneath this pavement are placed sewers and water mains, which are city owned and built. In addition, the wiring for electric light, telephone, and telegraph is carried in conduits. The city is constantly forced to repave because of repairs to these pipes and lines; if pipe galleries could carry all these, the reduction in the cost of street repair would be enormous. The trolley wires are likewise under-

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ground. This, however, applies to the crowded sections only. Perhaps the future city may demand that in all sections these unsightly wirings should be removed. Private companies that wish to use the streets for their pipes or wires (*i. e.*, telephone, telegraph, gas) must secure a franchise from the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. By this system of control the city regulates the use of the streets and secures a good income from the granting of the special privilege.

Streets must be maintained so that they are in safe condition for use by day or night. Pavements on busy streets are repaired by large gangs of men who accomplish the task with great rapidity through the use of the most modern machinery. When a snowstorm threatens to interfere with traffic, gangs are busy clearing the main arteries of travel even before the storm is over, while all general regulations as to street obstructions are much more strictly enforced than formerly. But probably in no detail is the improvement in the care of the street more clearly illustrated than in the remarkable advance in the efficient and artistic lighting of the streets at night.

Thus far the city assumes responsibility for the streets, but when it establishes regulations for sidewalks it divides the care of them with the property-owners. New York considers the use of sidewalks a matter of community action, whereas the construction and maintenance of the walk itself is the duty of each property-owner. The walk must be kept safe and clean, otherwise the owner risks a suit for damages in case of an accident due to its bad condition, or perhaps the city may repair it and send the bill to the offending citizen. Years ago no one protested when a beautiful residence thrust its entrance or portico beyond the house line, nor would an official "see" a fine façade on an office building as it was being built over the city-owned sidewalk. When the community awoke to the extent of this abuse, it demanded the removal of these encroachments, with the result that to-day the sidewalk is gradually assuming a more uniform width. In the older sections of the city the increase of space for pedestrians is not so easily secured, and on account of the enormous height of the buildings these narrow walks have been badly congested. The only possible outlet for this was the middle of the street, so all vehicular traffic is prohibited during business hours in places where the crowds are greatest.

The responsibility for the care of the streets in use must rest ultimately on the citizen who daily passes to and fro. To induce each person to assume his share of this burden is the aim of all the city departments concerned in the problem of the street. The most obvious duty is to keep the street clean. We are provided with cans in which to deposit all refuse. A street littered with papers and similar rubbish may actually be fairly clean, yet it appears dirty. Every time a fire is lighted on the pavement it weakens the surface, thus hastening the day when a bad hole will compel the expenditure of more city money for its repair. The personal activity of every citizen is required to preserve our streets for their primary purpose—our easy and safe transportation.

TRANSPORTATION OF PEOPLE

Last summer when New York lived through a street-car strike involving the elevated and subway services it had splendid opportunity to realize how inadequate surface cars are for a city of great distances. Such transit is slow at best, because of the frequent, irregular stops, while streets congested with all the obstructions of a great commercial city slow traffic still further. New bus lines are now being established which may reduce the congestion materially, but they are so newly organized that we cannot tell the final result. The street cars serve mostly for short trips, except those surface cars which cross the bridges from Manhattan into other boroughs, distributing people over a wide area. However, this is not "rapid" transit, for it fails to meet the needs of busy people who wish to reach their destination quickly.

Shortly after the Civil War New York launched its first experiment in rapid transit—an elevated steam railway. A few pessimists predicted horrible consequences from building an elevated road, with all the accompanying ills of noise and smoke; but no sooner was the road in operation than the people themselves showed their appreciation of it by moving uptown in large numbers. Moreover, they must have enjoyed the trips, because they began to travel more frequently until the elevated was overtaxed.

When Father Knickerbocker began to investigate the causes of this congestion, he started at the business end of the island, where he found that the big six-story office buildings were being dwarfed by the new steel structures. These huge buildings were climbing higher each year and their spacious offices provided attractive quarters for new business. As the elevated service improved Father Knickerbocker saw his families move farther away from the business section. So he watched anxiously as the crowds flowed on to the narrow end of the island as if they were poured into the small end of a funnel too fast and were jammed. No one wished more elevated lines, for the noise from the trains was too unpleasant and the obstruction of the street by the elevated structure itself was an additional cause of congestion. Therefore the only solution of the transit problem seemed to lie in the development of subways. The story of the growth of rapid transit lines is a very human mixture of political jugglery, mad speculation, and petty bickerings between the companies. But added to this is a chapter of magnificent vision and splendid engineering. When the confusion finally became too great, the Public Service Commission, appointed by the Governor, took complete charge of all the transit facilities of the city, and out of this chaos evolved the "Dual System," by which two large companies, the Interborough and the New York Municipal Railway Corporation, operate the rapid transit lines within the city limits. Although millions have been expended by the city in construction work, this has proved a good investment, as values in real estate have likewise increased, and the return in taxes has more than justified the original outlay. These lines hold franchises from the city for operating within certain limits, but the city has a direct interest in the ownership of the lines. The days have passed when franchises were handed about regardless of their financial value or their service to the public; but the city is still struggling beneath the burden of some "perpetual" franchises, such as that held by the New York City and Harlem River Railroad for the use of Tenth Avenue.

To-day the Dual System operates over six hundred and twenty miles of track. But even with this added service the subways (with the express trains running in "rush hours" on a headway of less than two minutes) are unbelievably crowded. With the opening of the subways came the construction of whole new sections of the city; for example, the population of the Bronx increased one hundred and ten per cent in ten years. In 1917 the traffic for the year was 1,900,000,000, while in 1870 it was only 115,000,000; in other words, while the population is four times what it was in 1870, traffic has increased sixteen times for the corresponding period. In 1870 each average person took one hundred rides per year, and now he takes more than three times as many. If everybody in Bangor, Maine, Lincoln, Nebraska, Evanston, Illinois, and New Haven, Connecticut, or all the inhabitants of Wyoming and Nevada, visited New York in one day, they would only equal in number those passing through the Equitable Building every twenty-four hours. When we try to picture the numbers who fill the other great structures, it gives us some idea of the magnitude of the problem.

SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF PASSENGER TRANSPORTATION

New Yorkers have always proved their great appreciation of improved transportation by increasing their business at the lower end of Manhattan and moving their families farther uptown, thus taxing the new accommodations to the limit. Each achievement in transportation has added greater problems, but no real progress is possible until the public controls its instinctive distrust of the operating companies (a state of mind carefully kept alive by some politicians) and the companies realize that transportation is a matter of prime public concern. Entire public ownership and operation is still an unsettled question.

Various regulative plans are now in operation in an effort to distribute business over convenient areas—such as zoning laws, regulations of heights of buildings. During the influenza epidemic the opening hours of business were fixed so as

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to spread the rush-hour traffic over a longer period.

TRANSPORTATION TO OUTSIDE POINTS

Besides those resident in New York who reach business by subways and elevated, there is a vast army of commuters who arrive in Manhattan through six different railway terminals. As only two of these are on Manhattan Island, it means the transfer from trains to ferries or the Hudson River tubes. New York is less fortunate than its English cousin, for where old York needed only to construct a few extra gateways in its wall in order to relieve traffic, New York was faced on all sides by an uncompromising mass of water. So the city undertook the herculean task of providing tubes under and bridges over the obstruction. Still more tunnels are to be constructed whereby the business section of Manhattan, which by nature is at the small end of a funnel, may soon become the hub of the wheel with numerous radiating lines of rapid passenger traffic. The latest addition to speedy passenger transportation is the "Aerial Limited Express," now advertised in the large hotels. Will this be the next step in solving the problem? It is no more revolutionary than many of the other changes we have witnessed in a generation.

TRANSPORTATION OF GOODS

If some speedy method of transporting people is important, the same is doubly true of freight. Express is expensive and not used for the great bulk of goods produced or transferred through New York. The use of the parcel post in New York has enormously increased, and with its low rates it has made possible a large delivery of smaller packages; if it will increase the size of the parcels, its usefulness may be much enhanced. But these two deliveries leave the mass of freight to be moved in some other way.

With the advent of the motor truck an entirely new problem as to the use of the street arises. As these trucks are commercial and virtually freight cars without tracks, subjecting any kind of pavement to unusual wear and tear, should these trucks be specially licensed so as to help pay for the upkeep of the streets? Moreover, the ordinary pedestrian must be most wary of these monsters in the congested areas. All kinds of schemes are devised for relief of traffic so as to insure safer and quicker movement—one-way streets, large traffic signs, school streets, separate streets for heavy traffic and for light traffic, no "cruising" cabs, etc. Besides this there are suggestions for freight subways, viaducts, and tunnels. Engineers are now planning a tunnel to connect Manhattan with New Jersey.

The city is continually devising new methods for successful management of traffic, and is aided by many of the volunteer associations, such as the Merchants' Association or the Chamber of Commerce, which are keenly interested in these problems. The war has proved a setback to radical changes, but as the interest in the problem is intense, new improvements are constantly suggested.

THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK

It is the easiest thing in the world to state staggering figures as to the size, commerce, and traffic of the Port of New York. The shore line alone is equal to the natural facilities provided by the ports of London, Liverpool, Rotterdam, Bremen, Hamburg, Antwerp, and Amsterdam. Before the war the foreign commerce of New York was about the same as that of London or Hamburg, but, in addition to this no small trade, through the harbor passes domestic commerce equal to four times its foreign commerce! A bird's-eye view of the harbor will explain this extraordinary figure. The Lower Bay is only partly protected from the sea by Sandy Hook, where the United States Government has established one of its great forts to guard the harbor. Through the splendid new Ambrose Channel the great ships from other lands find a safe lane for travel to the Narrows, where Staten Island cuts the harbor in two, acting as a breakwater for the Upper Bay. As a ship passes through the Narrows it enters a bay almost landlocked, with various other exits—the Hudson, the East River leading to Long Island Sound, and Kill von Kull connecting with Newark Bay. Through these thoroughfares come all manner of floating craft with freight from the Great Lakes through the Erie Canal, the Southern ports, and New England.

New York City itself has not the control of this wonderful natural equipment. It belongs to the whole people of the United States according to the Federal laws. If the city wishes to build longer piers, the consent of the Government is required; if the city be ever so anxious to deepen a channel or provide new facilities for traffic on the water, the acquiescence of the Government must be secured first. All regulation of the harbor is in the hands of the Federal Government, as, for example, location of anchorage grounds, lighting, health (quarantine), traffic rules, etc. For years the city has tried to persuade the Federal Government that the East River at Hell Gate was dangerously narrow and shallow, but it made no impression. During the war, however, it became evident that the dredging of this channel was not so much a matter of local interest as it was a subject of National importance. Probably the good Representative from "Sometown" thought that New York was a selfish, self-centered city asking millions for local improvement. Why not improve "Sometown's" river? The Representative from "Sometown" is now realizing that the harbor is a great National asset. New York Harbor may be magnificent by nature, but the Port of New York is great only as we make it efficient.

DOMESTIC COMMERCE

It is no mean task to provide food for over six million people, especially when the majority of them have not much more than a window-box in which to "grow" anything. Besides this one item there must be added the tons of raw material to be provided for the city's manufactures, and as the city produces about one-tenth of the manufactures of the whole United States, the total amount is impressively great. Thus about ninety per cent of the domestic commerce concerns the city itself, and the rest is handled in the port for reshipment to other parts of the United States. Most of this enters New York by car floats. When the raw material has passed through the factories, it is again distributed as a manufactured product throughout the country. Trace a ton of package freight from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to the New York merchant's door. It is properly billed to the merchant in New York by the shipper, and to deliver it by rail to the yards in Jersey City would cost the shipper $1.40—a very small charge; but to get that same shipment out of the yard to the pier, place it on a lighter, tow it across the river, unload it on the pier, replace on a truck to deliver to the warehouse, will cost $2.25! To carry a ton of freight ninety miles by rail costs 27 cents, but to handle the same ton at the two terminals costs fourteen times as much.[1] The ton of raw material costs too much in transit after it leaves the freight terminal, therefore this charge added to the cost of manufacturing makes a higher cost to a merchant when he buys the finished product, for example, in Omaha; moreover, the merchant in Omaha must pay a similarly large charge for handling when the manufactured article he has bought is shipped to him from New York via the same route. Naturally the one who pays this heavy toll in the end is the consumer, either in New York City or in Omaha. Right here is the problem that is being solved now—poor handling in the port. At present both New Jersey and New York have buried their trade rivalry and have voted this year to construct a tunnel beneath the Hudson so that large trucks may load at the New Jersey piers or yards for direct delivery to the New York warehouse. It will free the Hudson River piers for maritime commerce and relieve congestion below Fourteenth Street. This tunnel will open in New York about Canal Street and will mean a saving of several days in freight transit, much time in trucking, and much expense. It is the dawn of a new day for the port when the two States adjoining this harbor are ready to cease their commercial jealousy, dating back to the days of the Confederation, and realize that they may by law be separate States, but both are joined by nature to constitute the Port of New York.

A second reform suggested during the war to expedite delivery was the so-called store-door delivery. This system, used in England, provides for the delivery by the railway or shipping company directly to the warehouse. Such a scheme would eliminate the delays incident to

[1] Statistics from "Ports and Terminal Facilities," by R. S. MacElwee. McGraw & Hill, 1918.

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Dorr News Service

"WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD"—A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE PROTECTIVE ARMOR USED BY FIGHTING MEN OF THE TIME OF FRANCIS THE FIRST, RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

This is regarded by some experts as "the finest suit of armor in the world." It is described as having been probably worn by Sieur Jacques Gourdon de Genouilhac, 1466-1546, a warrior of the time of Louis XII and Francis I. The date 1527 occurs in the ornamentation. It was formerly in the collection of Mr. William H. Riggs, and was recently brought from Paris

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( ) N. Y. Times Wide World Photos

THE DEPOSED KAISER WALKING IN THE CASTLE GROUNDS AT AMERONGEN, HOLLAND

This snapshot of the former Kaiser was, it is reported, taken by a photographer who was concealed on a hay wagon, the camera being pointed over the high wall surrounding the estate. The ex-Kaiser, in civilian attire and remarkably changed since his flight from Germany a year ago, is at the left. He is accompanied by General Dommes

Photograph by Donald Thompson, from Wide World Photos

THE GREAT MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA AT CONSTANTINOPLE DURING A DEMONSTRATION AGAINST AN AMERICAN MANDATE FOR THE TURKISH EMPIRE

The walls and buttresses of the great mosque (originally a Christian church) are, it will be seen, crowded with Turks who sympathize with the object of the protest

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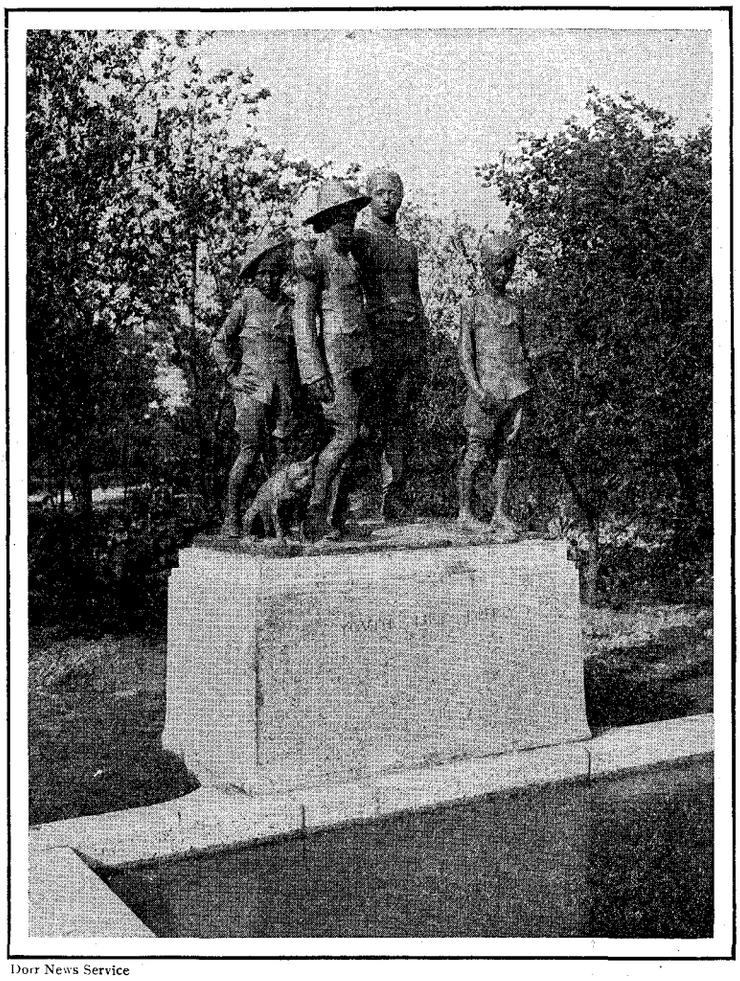
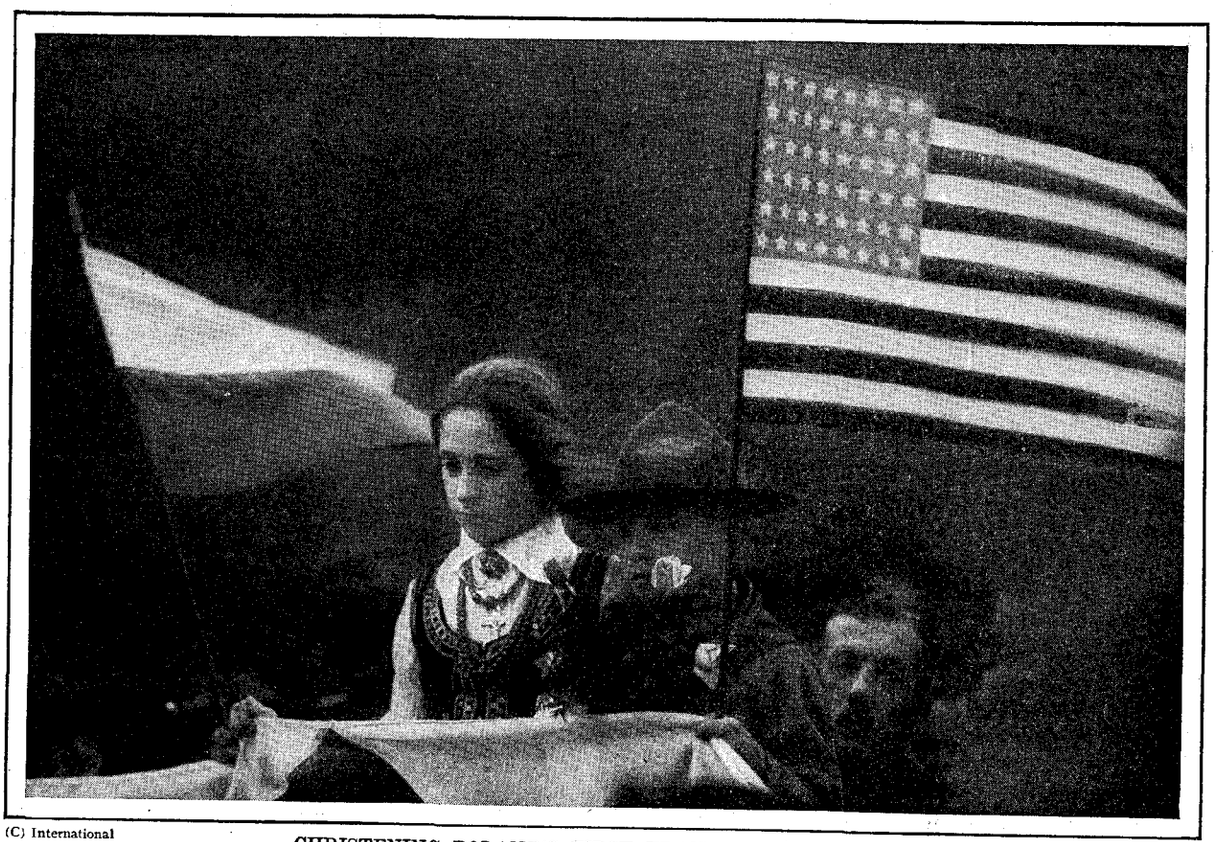


Dorr News Service

YOUTH—LIFE—LIBERTY. A BOY SCOUT FOUNTAIN

By Andrew O'Connor. Dedicated to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt. The gift of Edwin S. Jackson to Glen View, Chicago



(C) International

CHRISTENING POLAND'S FIRST TRANSATLANTIC LINER

The ceremony of rechristening this ship, formerly the Cape Lookout, with its new name, the Kosciuszko, was attended by Miss Fialowski, a collateral descendant of the illustrious Polish general. The ship was purchased from the U. S. Shipping Board with money subscribed by 10,000 Polish Americans. It will ply between New York City and Dantsic, through which port the sea-borne commerce of Poland is to pass

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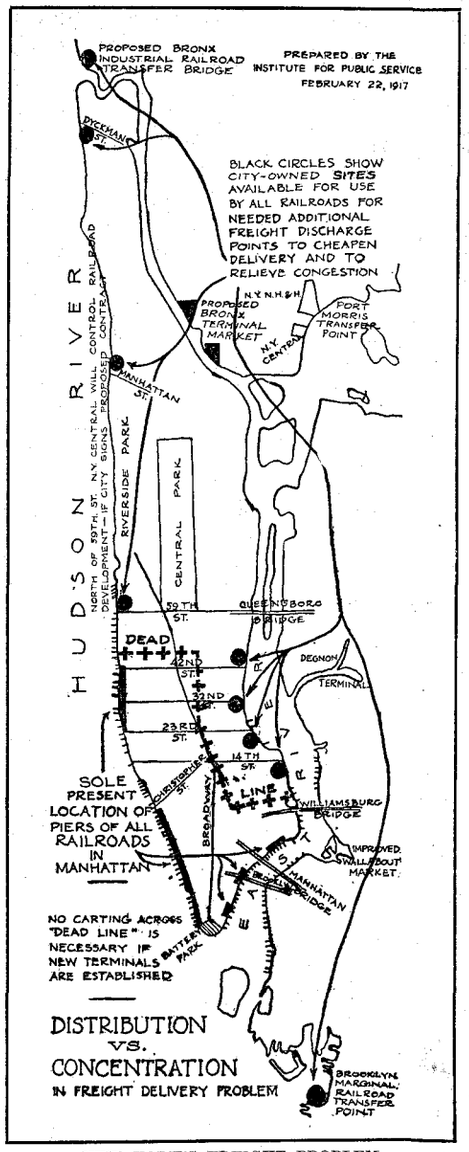
the notification by mail of the receipt of goods at the yard or pier, reduce the trouble over demurrage charges, and permit a more economical system of handling freight in transit across the river and in trucking on the city streets.

Another remedy which might provide for the relief of the present congestion on West Street, and the reduction of the long truck haul to a distant warehouse, is the establishment of union sub-stations for freight at various points on the water-front, perhaps city owned and free to all. (See map.) This plan would reduce street congestion by redistributing heavy traffic and lessen the length of the hauling by truck through the city street. The principal objection to this plan is that it necessitates the use of much valuable land, the very greatest need of the city. If this sub-station or local delivery of freight could be combined with some store-delivery plan, it would cut the cost of living to a marked degree. A fourth plan is the adoption of some kind of marginal railway. Such a railway is in use at most other ports of the world. Montreal has a very successful one; New Orleans has a railway that at one time charged $5 for transfer of a ton of freight anywhere in the harbor; the charge for similar service in New York at that time was $36.[1] New York has never used one, because the remarkable flexibility of the lighter has rather outweighed the possibilities of a marginal railway, and also because real estate is of such value that land for it may be acquired only at great expense. At present freight can be easily lightered from the pier of any railway to the pier of any other railway or steamship line. But, although the lighter can call at any pier, it is expensive, as we have seen; whereas a marginal railway serves the piers on that line with less handling of freight and therefore less expense. For example, Mr. Irving T. Bush built in South Brooklyn a unique equipment consisting of well-built piers, with a railway running directly parallel to the water-front. Immediately back of these piers and the tracks are warehouses provided with spurs from the main line, permitting the easy delivery of freight. To connect this terminal with the railways in New Jersey there is a line of lighters that carry not only the freight but the cars themselves, which are floated across and received at the other end. If such a railway could connect all piers and railways in the port, it would aid in the solution of the problem. The plans for a marginal railway are of course limited because there is no room for the tracks on the surface; therefore it would mean either building a freight subway, as Chicago has done, or erecting a great viaduct to follow the shore of the island.

In the "Evening Sun" (October 25, 1919) there appeared an article on the possible improvement of the port by filling in the space between Manhattan and Governor's Islands, and constructing an elevated structure to carry all general traffic, while beneath it would run the marginal railway connecting the whole water-front.

Besides these proposed solutions of the problem of the port congestion now existing there are new port developments in Newark Bay, Jamaica Bay, and on the Staten Island water-front. The proposed great port at Montauk Point would connect with the Long Island Railroad, a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Railroad.


PROPOSED BRONX INDUSTRIAL RAILROAD TRANSFER BRIDGE
PREPARED BY THE INSTITUTE FOR PUBLIC SERVICE FEBRUARY 22, 1917
DITCHMAN ST.
BLACK CIRCLES SHOW CITY-OWNED SITES AVAILABLE FOR USE BY ALL RAILROADS FOR NEEDED ADDITIONAL FREIGHT DISCHARGE POINTS TO CHEAPEN DELIVERY AND TO RELIEVE CONGESTION
N.Y.N.H.&H.
PROPOSED BRONX TERMINAL MARKET
N.Y. CENTRAL
PORT MORRIS TRANSFER POINT
HUDSON RIVER
NORTH OF 59TH ST. N.Y. CENTRAL WILL CONTROL RAILROAD DEVELOPMENT—IF CITY SIGNS PROPOSED CONTRACT
MANHATTAN ST.
RIVERSIDE PARK
CENTRAL PARK
59 TH ST.
QUEENSBORO BRIDGE
DEAD
42ND ST.
DEGNON TERMINAL
23RD ST.
14TH ST.
SOLE PRESENT LOCATION OF PIERS OF ALL RAILROADS IN MANHATTAN
LINE
WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE
IMPROVED WALL ST. MARKET
MANHATTAN BRIDGE
NO CARTING ACROSS "DEAD LINE" IS NECESSARY IF NEW TERMINALS ARE ESTABLISHED
BATTERY PARK
DISTRIBUTION VS. CONCENTRATION IN FREIGHT DELIVERY PROBLEM
BROOKLYN MARGINAL RAILROAD TRANSFER POINT

NEW YORK'S FREIGHT PROBLEM

This of course would divert much foreign commerce from the port.

FOREIGN COMMERCE

During the last fifteen years the foreign commerce of New York has increased 131 per cent. Adding this use of the port facilities to the enormous domestic commerce makes it clear why during the war the port was so badly congested that it finally "broke down." This compelled people all over the United States to demand reasons for such a situation in the greatest port of the country. There are several causes for this: the first, as has previously been stated, is the method of handling freight in the port; second, with the astonishing increase of foreign commerce, a craze for giant ships requiring special piers, deeper channels, more accommodations in general; third, war conditions entirely beyond local control.

When a ship enters port from a foreign country, it must stop at quarantine for health inspection, and at the pier "pass through the customs." Goods for consumption in the United States are thus passed to merchants for immediate use; other goods, however, are taken to a bonded warehouse, where they may be held awaiting ultimate disposition by the merchant. Before the war New York did little re-exporting, while London and Hamburg were centers of this commerce. With the growth of South American trade we have begun to re-export more, but we have never allowed the "free port" development in the United States, although almost every foreign country, even Rumania, boasts at least one free port. A free port is an area shut off from the rest of the port, and within which the local custom regulations do not operate. Within this area the goods may be repacked or manufactured for reshipment as long as they do not enter the port proper for domestic consumption. Bills are now pending in Congress providing for the establishment of several free ports, including New York. If the experience of London or Hamburg is an indication of the result we may expect, we should look for a fine growth in this type of commerce. With the possibilities for our new merchant marine in this new era, one of the probable solutions of the port congestion may be the establishment of a free port, or "a bonded warehouse zone," as Mr. MacElwee words it, to ease the conscience of the strong protectionist. This would allow the untrammeled development of our new re-export business. Several private organizations are working over the problem of piers, handling of freight, etc., in order to have the latest scientific data for further improvement of the port. But, above all, it is necessary to have a more ready co-operation of the Federal Government with the States and the general public to assist in the wise development of our harbor, to the end that the Port of New York may equal in efficiency its natural endowment as a harbor.

NEW YORK'S ETERNAL PROBLEM

When the State of New York opened the Erie Canal, New York City's population and business increased so rapidly that in a few years the city became the leading port. This sudden growth was due to the cheap transportation rates through the canal. A ton carried by wagon for a hundred miles cost $32; by canal this dropped to $1. Ever since those early days New York City has been struggling with this same transit problem. "Transportation is the measure of civilization." As New York was made by improvement of transportation in the first place, so it acquired the habit of increasing its facilities even when the task seemed impossible.

To-day finds the community courageously building for the future with the problem still unsolved.

[1] Statistics from "Ports and Terminal Facilities," by R. S. MacElwee. McGraw & Hill, 1918.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

LEONARD WOOD, AMERICAN[1]

THIS volume is useful in that it will give the general reader some idea of what General Wood has accomplished, the difficulties which he has surmounted, and the principles upon which he has acted. It is inadequate in that it lacks that indescribable touch which lifts a mere narration of facts and incidents into an interpretative revelation. It is inadequate too in that it is hardly a complete record of even the mere facts of General Wood's life.

The volume is nevertheless worth more than a cursory reading at this time of industrial and political tumult, for it constitutes at least a fragmentary review of the career of a man who has lived his life according to the highest tenets of Americanism. Such a record is a heritage which the country cannot now afford to ignore.

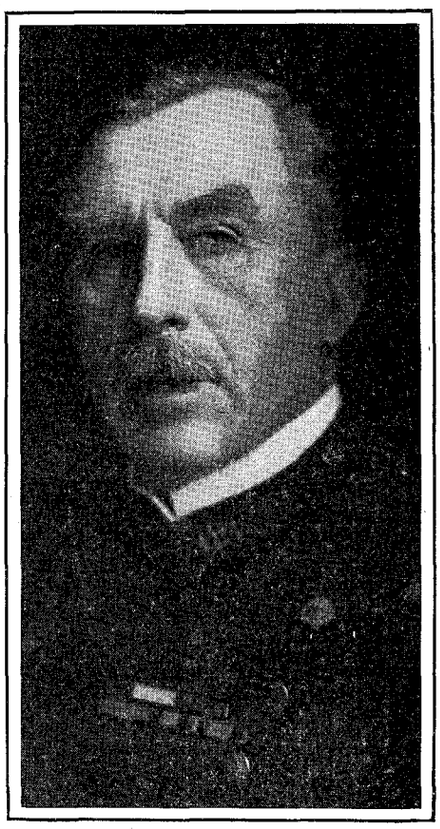
Why is it that General Wood occupies the place which he does to-day in the minds of the American public? He has been a surgeon. We have other surgeons. He has been a colonial governor. We have had other colonial governors. He is a major-general. The woods are full of major-generals. What is, then, the secret of his constantly growing hold upon American minds?

We are willing to hazard a guess. More perhaps than any other American now living he typifies those ideals of character which lurk in the back of the minds of all those who have been brought up in the American tradition. He has physical and spiritual courage. He is everlastingly on the job. Give him a job, and the job will be done—plus a large margin of effective and constructive achievement which other men would not have discovered within the bounds of the original order.

A distinguished officer (to give his rank would not be far from giving his name) who served under Wood in the Philippines recently said to the reviewer: "When I took my troops into the jungle, I was satisfied if I accomplished my mission and brought my men home safely. General Wood was never satisfied unless he took along with him a geologist, a zoölogist, an ethnologist, and a botanist, and could bring back a complete survey of the country through which he had traveled as well. I had rather have the letters of commendation I received from General Wood than all the decorations I won in France!"

This story is told here not only to show General Wood's method of making his work *grow*, but as an illustration of that highest tribute which can come to any man—the possession of the loyalty and devotion of those who have been his subordinates, and this General Wood has never failed to win. In the case of General Wood this is a doubly striking tribute, for he has had to face the natural opposition and prejudice which is the lot of any man who comes into an organization as an outsider and wins his way to the highest honor which that organization can offer.

General Wood not only knows how to win the admiration of his subordinates, but he is also a man who knows how to win the admiration and respect of his opponents and enemies—provided his enemies are of a type who know how to fight fair. The reviewer remembers a story which redounds as much to the credit of the erstwhile enemy of General Wood as it does to the American general who made it possible by constructive statesmanship. If we remember correctly, a certain *dato* (or Moro chieftain) of Mindanao had been won over to American allegiance by the good judgment and even-handed justice of Leonard Wood's administration of that troublesome island. A new American hospital had been built, but none of the natives would cross its threshold. At last the *dato*, to convince his followers of the safety of the hospital, consented to go



MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

there for treatment for blood-poisoning. Instead of getting better, however, he grew worse. Then he had himself carried home, as he thought, to die. He lived, however, and one of General Wood's aides went to him and asked him why he had left the hospital at such imminent risk to his life. He answered, simply: "If I had died in the hospital, none of my people would ever have gone there again."

Probably more Americans are familiar with what Leonard Wood accomplished in Cuba than with his career in the Philippines.

We all of us remember that it was his courage and knowledge which made possible the final experiments which have led to the practical elimination of that once terrible scourge—yellow fever. Many of us remember how Leonard Wood built up the school system of Cuba until, when he left, Cuba cared for in good schoolhouses, with well-paid native teachers, 256,000 pupils at an expenditure of $4,000,000 a year out of a total revenue of $17,000,000. Mr. Sears, in his chapter on "The Administrator," recounts other statesmanlike acts of General Wood which are proofs of his constructive power. Among these may be mentioned here his cleansing of the Augean stables of the Cuban law courts, his revision of the election and marriage laws, his handling of the development of the Cuban railways, his settlement of the tremendously difficult problem of the relationship between the Spanish Government and the Roman Catholic Church, and, last but not least, his reconciliation of the leaders among the Cuban and Spanish factions of the newly born Republic.

As Mr. Sears says, it is not to be wondered at that, when Leonard Wood came to leave Cuba, Theodore Roosevelt wrote:

> Leonard Wood four years ago went down to Cuba, has served there ever since, has rendered services to that country of the kind which if performed three thousand years ago would have made him a hero mixed up with the sun god in various ways; a man who devoted his whole life through those four years, who thought of nothing else, did nothing else, save to try to bring up the standard of political and social life in that island, to teach the people after four centuries of misrule that there were such things as governmental righteousness and honesty and fair play for all men on their merits as men.

Nor is it to be wondered at that when Lord Cromer, perhaps the greatest of modern colonial administrators, retired from Egypt and he was told that he could name his successor, he said that, unfortunately, the best man was unavailable since he was an American citizen named Leonard Wood.

Because this is a record of the man who won these two tributes even this inadequate volume is distinctly worth while. Some day a biography of Leonard Wood will be written in which the whole story of his career will be told. There are those who think that the final chapters of such a biography will be as interesting as any which could at present be written. Every one is privileged to guess what these final chapters may contain.

[1] The Career of Leonard Wood. By Joseph Hamblen Sears. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

David Vallory. By Francis Lynde. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This romance of the life of a civil engineer in a rough country is also the story of a man with a "Jekyll and Hyde" conscience—one kind of conscience for his purely personal relations in his private life, and another for his business actions the parallel of which in private life would disgust him.

Ground Swell (The). By Mary Hallock Foote. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Mrs. Foote's stories are always welcome. This one unfolds the troubles and joys of a cultivated, unselfish father and mother in the problems of their grown-up daughters. The setting is picturesque, the manner gentle and pleasing.

Mummery. A Tale of Three Idealists. By Gilbert Cannan. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

That disregard of the practical and conventional which we call the artistic temperament here buffets about the personal relations of a brilliant designer, a girl who suddenly blazes forth as an actress of genius, and an unworldly literary man of idealistic nature. The pictures of stage

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life and the character of a jovial and tempestuous actor-manager give humor and zest.

Marriage While You Wait. By J. E. Buckrose. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

The story of a war marriage in haste which was perilously near disaster, but is saved by the good sense of the young couple. They find that romance must be followed by the complete understanding of each other, which short-time lovers cannot possibly have. The novel has both light and serious sides.

Sea Bride The). By Ben Ames Williams. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A thrilling and eventful tale of a whaling voyage in which the captain's new-made bride undergoes adventure and danger, and sees men's courage and honor tested to the utmost. As a sea romance the book is forceful; as a study of character it is subtle; and as a piece of writing it is not unworthy to be classed with the sea fiction of Conrad and Snaith.

Servant of Reality (A). By Phyllis Bottome. The Century Company, New York.

A painful situation with psychological suffering in the background is treated with skill, quick movement, and dramatic tenseness.

Shasta of the Wolves. By Olaf Baker. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

The old motive of the wolf-nursed child is here employed in a graphic tale of animal and forest life.

Strongest (The) (Les Plus Fort). By Georges Clemenceau. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

The fact that this novel was written by Georges Clemenceau will attract many to it who may expect to find in it a great work of literature. They will be disappointed. It is not such a work. The characters are crudely drawn, there is lack of perspective, and the style is stodgy. "Les Plus Fort" means the forces which control the destinies of men and women and even of boys and girls. The idealist of that day twenty years ago when the book was written, like many idealists to-day, had vivid notions enough; but to "*les plus fort*" they represented only a repellent puritanism. The impulses towards a life beyond mere material power are expressed by one of the two principal characters. Both are warring for power over a young girl. The man of physical power wins and the man of spiritual force loses, but the end of the book indicates his ultimate victory.

World Shut Out (The). By Norval Richardson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This romance is redolent of the charm and beauty of Italy. It is one of the comparatively few novels that satisfy in style and manner as well as in story interest. An American grandson of a stern Italian princess of mediæval grimness becomes heir to her estate and encounters mysteries, some pleasant, others tragical. There are quaint and amusing Italian family servants and a capitally drawn old-fashioned avvocato.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Children's Life of the Bee (The). By Maurice Maeterlinck. Selected and Arranged by Alfred Sutro and Herschel Williams. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

This is an abridgment of "The Life of the Bee," making it more suitable for children. The charm of the original book remains with this adaptation; indeed, the author's own language is usually followed in a translation that preserves his felicity of style.

David Blaize and the Blue Door. By E. F. Benson. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Several years ago Mr. Benson wrote a story about this same David in his lively schoolboy stage. Here we have David as a small child. Jolly things happened to him when he went through the blue door, and only "Alice in Wonderland" saw more wonderful and topsyturvy queer sights than David.

Dragon-Flies (The). By Donal Hamilton Haines. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

A tale of the air service by the author of "The Adventures of Théophile" which our readers liked so well. It is well suited for boys, but will please men also. Incidentally one acquires valuable knowledge about planes and air tactics.

Hidden Aerial (The). By Lewis E. Theiss. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Company, Boston.

Radio activity in war time is used ingeniously by patriotic boys who understand wireless. They thwart spies and discover hidden apparatus. The incidents are worked out with reasonableness and the tale is stirring without being incredible.

Maeterlinck's Dogs. By Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Here is the holiday gift for the dog-lover! These charming stories of dogs are by Madame Maeterlinck; they are told with genuine art, and, more, are permeated with the real affection of a devoted admirer of dogkind.

Peep at the Front (A). Stories of the Great War for Boys and Girls. By Inez N. McFee. Illustrated. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

When We Were Little. Children's Rhymes of Oyster Bay. By Mary Fanny Youngs. Introduction by the late Theodore Roosevelt. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

This is a volume of pleasant verses descriptive and interpretive of the life among the children of the older community of Oyster Bay. It is illustrated with photographs, among which are two delightful pictures of Quentin and Archie Roosevelt.

Wigwam Wonder Tales. By William Thompson. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Anatomy of Society (The). By Gilbert Cannan. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Here is a contribution to the sea of human thought on the subject of social readjustment. The chapters are stimulating, but the reader lays down the book without being conscious of any definite remedy for the human maladjustments that are so graphically pictured.

Books in General. By Solomon Eagle. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

Here are whimsical little essays that will interest bookish people rather than the "general reader." There is a vein of spontaneous humor in them that is typified in the author's exordium: "I shall have done all I hope to do if I have produced the sort of book that one reads in, without tedium, for ten minutes before one goes to sleep." He has done it.

Story of Our National Ballads (The). By C. A. Browne. Illustrated. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

The stories of most of our National songs (the author's use of the word ballad is hardly exact) are told in this volume in a delightfully interesting manner. The book opens with a discussion of "Yankee Doodle" and ends with an account of the marching songs of the great war.

WAR BOOKS

Books in the War. The Romance of Library War Service. By Theodore Wesley Koch. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, New York.

The author's account of the work done by the book in the war will interest every one who loves books or wishes to learn how to make them useful as an educational influence. It is no dry-as-dust narrative, but is replete with entertaining incident and is embellished with many pictures.

Heroic Record of British Navy (The). By Archibald Hurd and H. H. Bashford. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

A complete and vivid record of the part of the British navy in the war. The chapter, "The Coming of the Americans," will be of especial interest to readers on this side of the Atlantic. The authors pay a generous tribute to the part men and ships of the United States played in the war, quoting the remark of the commander of the first American naval unit to reach European waters as typical of the spirit of Uncle Sam's Navy throughout the war. The American's reply, when asked how soon they would be ready for duty, was, "As soon as we are refueled, sir."

Last Diary of the Great War (A). By Samuel Pepys, Jr. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

As with the former volume by this fictitious descendant of the great Pepys, this book cleverly follows the style and manner of "Pepys' Diary." It recounts in an interesting way the daily incidents and events of the latter part of the Great War as seen and heard by a London clubman. The pictures are well done and highly amusing.

SCIENCE

Homing With the Birds. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

Like Mrs. Porter's "Friends in Feathers," this is a delightful near-at-hand talk about bird home life by an intimate friend of the birds. In her nature study and skilled bird photography the author has seen many curious incidents in the adventures and family struggles of birds, and she tells about them with spirit and enthusiasm.

MISCELLANEOUS

Story of Our Merchant Marine (The). By Willis J. Abbot. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Men in the fo'c's'le, ships' apprentices, and the host of boys on land who long for a seafaring career will find this book an interesting and informative one. Other readers, who may wonder what is to become of our merchant marine when the war stimulus of ship-building is over, will be interested in the author's views on this subject.

Town Improvement. By Frederick Noble Evans, M.L.A. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

To other arts has now been added the art of city planning. This art includes not only the planning of cities and parks and streets with proper perspective and with some idea as to the resultant effect upon the life of the community involved; city planning, or, as the present author says, "Town Improvement," also means a consideration of such problems as water supply, sewerage, the disposition of docks, and the establishment of schools and school playgrounds. The present volume is wonderfully comprehensive; apparently it suggests solutions for almost every problem that can confront a community.

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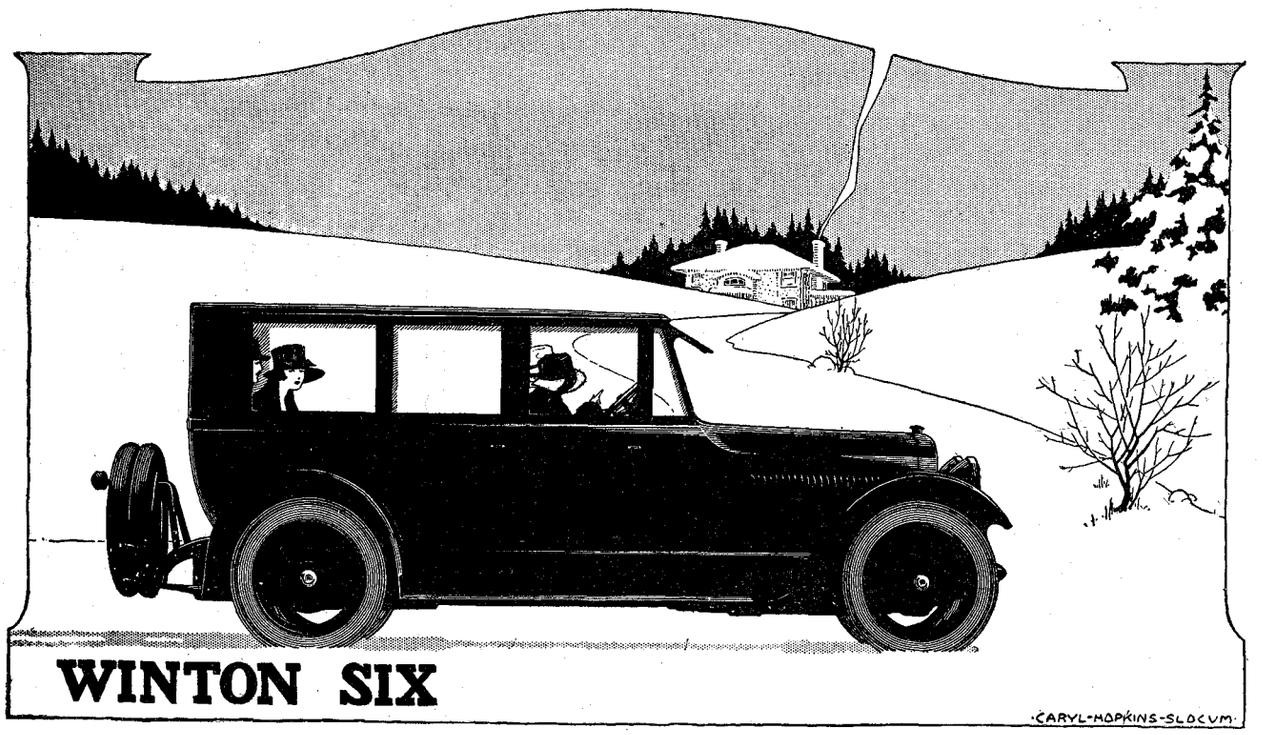

A Fresh Richness

Sedan
Victoria
Town Car
Limousine

WITH their beautifully balanced proportions, pleasing color harmonies, smart leathers and scrupulously correct finishing details, and cheerful indoor comfort, Winton Six closed cars are exceptionally delightful. New touches of grace, a fresh richness of effect, and, above all else, a new motor of surprising flexibility and power, await your approval in our newest designs. Your monogram on a Winton Six closed car means well-being and happiness for you and yours. May we send you literature?

The Winton Company

102 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

Winton Oil Engines (belt drive) for isolated power plants, and Winton Oil-Engine Generating Sets are produced by the Engine Works of the Winton Company. Write us your needs.

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McCutcheon's
Christmas Handkerchiefs

Reg. Trade-Mark

McCutcheon Handkerchiefs make ideal Holiday gifts. Their beauty expresses the Christmas Spirit, while their usefulness makes them always appreciated. Of course, they are *all Pure Linen.*

For Men—Tape and cord effects, 50c each and up.

Initial Handkerchiefs, $7.80, 9.00, 12.00, 15.00 dozen and up.

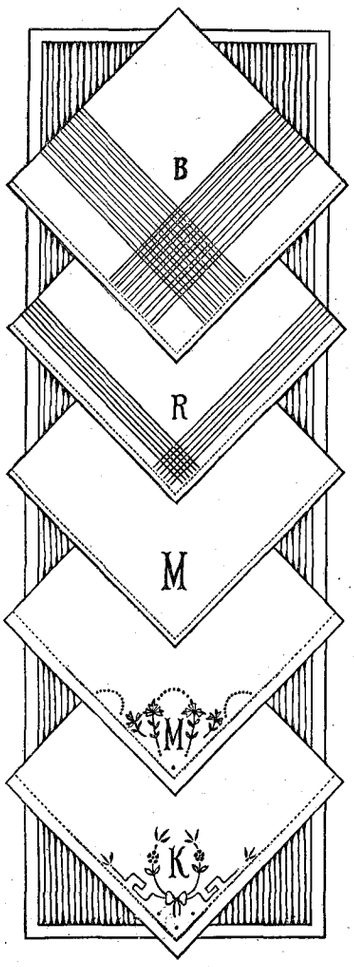
Printed Handkerchiefs—newly imported, $1.50 each.

For Ladies—Hand-Embroidered, 35c, 50c, 65c, 75c each and up.

Appenzell Hand-Embroidered, 50c each and up.

Initial Handkerchiefs, $2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 6.00 dozen and up.

For Children—White and colored Hand-Embroidered, 25c each and up.



Orders by mail will receive just as careful execution as if selection were made in person at our store. Simply give general description and price of Handkerchiefs desired and you may feel assured of perfect satisfaction.

Send for our new 32-page Fall and Winter Catalogue and let it solve your shopping problems. Mailed free on request.

James McCutcheon & Co.
Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33d Sts., N. Y.

Cultivate Your Beauty

Have a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, graceful neck and chin, luxuriant hair, attractive hands, comfortable feet. Remove wrinkles, lines, pimples, blackheads, strengthen sagging facial muscles—all through following our simple directions. Thousands have done so. No drugs, no big expense and quick results. Send for latest catalog and many Beauty Hints—all free

GRACE MILDRED CULTURE COURSE
Dept. 13, 624 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ills.
(A Branch of Susanna Cocroft's Work)

THE LUXURY OF PERFECT FRUIT

Like plucking fresh, luscious fruit in your own orchard. This is what our delicious thin-skinned

INDIAN RIVER ORANGES and GRAPEFRUIT

mean. If you've never tasted ripe-picked oranges and grapefruit ours will be a rare treat. Delivered in quantities to suit family needs. Prices moderate. Ask for details.

Victoria Citrus Groves Company
Cocoa, Indian River, Fla.

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

THE PROPOSED MISSISSIPPI VALLEY EXPOSITION

THE Mississippi Valley comprises much of the most productive territory of the United States. It is a vast empire whose conquest was eagerly sought from the days of the early French explorers, when La Salle first floated down the "Father of Waters."

This territory has an area of more than one and three-quarter million square miles and a population of sixty millions. It includes twenty-one entire States and parts of five others. It contains the greatest natural water highways in the world. It is the center of the packing industry, the greatest producer of agricultural implements in the world, and contains the largest iron and steel producing center in the country. It can ship direct from many of its larger cities by boat to any foreign seaport. Many of its sources of wealth are still in their infancy and capable of much greater development, including vast tracts of fertile farm land, water supply for power and irrigation, and rich ore, coal, and oil producing districts.

The projectors of the Mississippi Valley Exposition propose to bring more closely together the business interests of this great territory for the advancement of their common interests and the development of trade in general. The first exposition will be held in St. Louis in March, 1920. Buyers, merchants, manufacturers, business men, and the general public will be invited to attend. Each State in the Mississippi Valley will be asked to make an exhibit of its resources, and the manufacturers' association of every city of importance will distribute literature telling the advantages of that city as a manufacturing center and its dock and wharf facilities.

The organizers of the Exposition have these definite purposes in mind as outlined in a statement by the Executive Committee:

PROPOSED PLAN OF ORGANIZATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY EXPOSITION

"To be organized on the basis of other public-spirited organizations — non-profit sharing and formed for the purpose of the development of the resources of the Mississippi Valley, to cultivate closer relationship between the Mississippi Valley and Latin America, and to co-operate with other organizations which are working for this purpose.

"To assemble annually, or oftener, in some city in the Mississippi Valley, for the period of two weeks, the exhibits of States showing their agricultural, mineral, and timber resources; exhibits of cities, showing their advantages and opportunities, their river terminal facilities, their port and dock facilities; exhibits of the product of individual manufacturing enterprises of the Mississippi Valley and of foreign countries with which reciprocal trade relations are desired.

"To enlist the co-operation of the United

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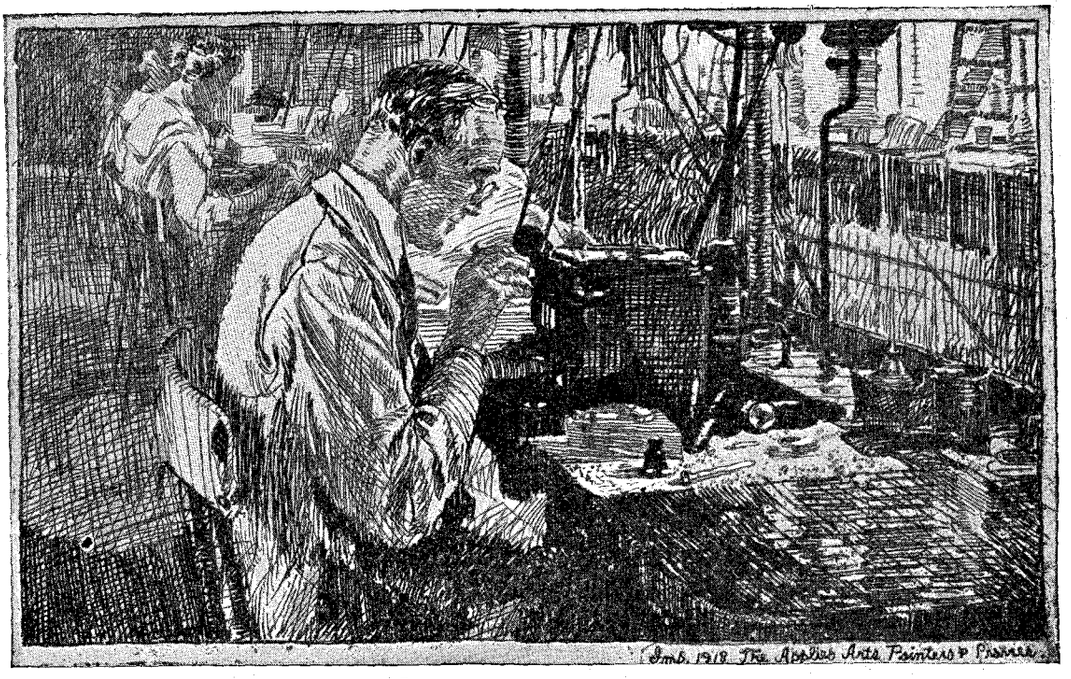
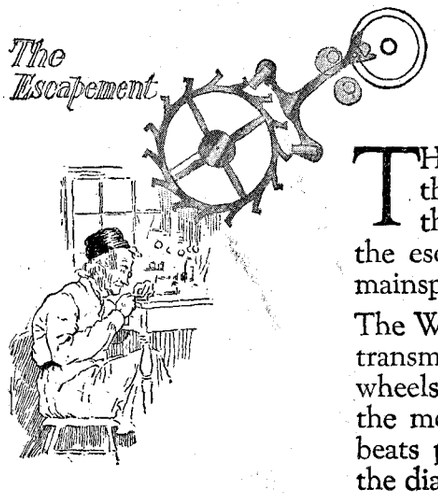
WALTHAM THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH AND THE FOREIGN BUILT WATCH





Information to Protect You in Buying a Watch

THE escapement is the heart of a watch. Just as the heart pumps or pulsates the blood through the human body to maintain life and energy, so the escapement controls the power generated by the mainspring and transfers it into elements of time.

The Waltham watch escapement controls the power transmitted from the mainspring through the train wheels to the balance wheel, which, in turn, divides the motion into intervals of time, pulsating 18,000 beats per hour—and this pulse beat is recorded on the dial by the hands.

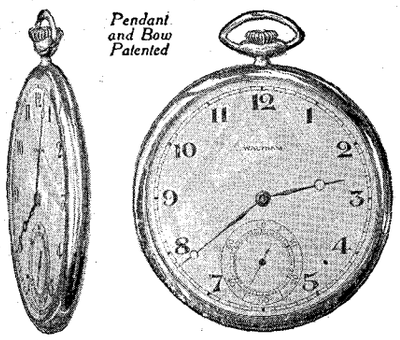
The escapement consists of the escape wheel, two pallet stones set in the pallet, and a fork, a roller and a roller jewel. The purpose of the pallet and two pallet stones is to stop and release the escape wheel at the end of the train, at equal time intervals of about one-fifth of a second.

The Waltham escape wheel has exclusive features. For instance, the most important part of the escape wheel is the impulse surface. In the Waltham watch this impulse surface is trued by a diamond-cutting tool, which not only cuts it to absolute exactness, but gives it the high polish required by the Waltham standard of quality at the same time.

In the foreign-built watch the impulse surface of the escape wheel is polished with a compound by hand, which invariably charges the surface with cutting pigments that practically defeat the vital reason for polishing, and is, therefore, detrimental to the component mechanism.

This is one of the most important and one of the many reasons why you should insist that your watch be a Waltham.

This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a liberal watch education. Sent free upon request. Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.



Waltham Colonial A
Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy
Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels
$150 to $275 or more depending upon the case

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

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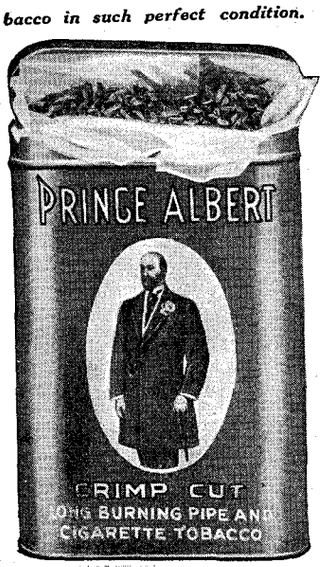
PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1919 by
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Talk about handing yourself a birth-day-blow-out with bells on—

Prince Albert is sold in toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and —in that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.



you never fell heir to an idea in your life that tears off such generous slabs-of-smoke-sunshine as Prince Albert tobacco! Puts a jimmy pipe or a home rolled cigarette on the high top deck of the pedestal-of-pleasure and makes men yearn for clocks to be jumped forward another couple of spells! All too few hours in twenty-four to check up on the fun Prince Albert has stacked-in-storage for you.

You get the night-and-day sporting angle of a layoff with some Prince Albert and a pipe! Talk about plugging the empty hole of happiness hankering! Leave it to P. A., *leave it to P. A.!* You'll unhook such a new brand of pal-party-stuff you'll want to get it copyrighted and trademarked and then build a fence around it!

For, Prince Albert is joy'usly delightful to a man who wants to smoke a pipe, or to men who are willing to lay their smoke-cards on the mahogany *and be shown!* The P. A. flavor and fragrance and coolness will knock galleywest any notion you ever had as to what a pipe can really hand out! And, it just beats all when you know personally that Prince Albert's patented process *cuts out* bite and parch!

P. A. fills up your tank-of-thanks so overflowingly you certainly will get stuck passing out praise-talk and have to wireless: "*You* tell 'em—I stutter!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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The Proposed Mississippi Valley Exposition
(Continued)

States Government, and particularly its Commerce Department; the Governments of the various States of the Mississippi Valley, and its various organizations as chambers of commerce, manufacturing associations, etc.

"To bring buyers to the Exposition, and especially attract the attention of foreign buyers.

"To advertise the Exposition in foreign countries, particularly those of Latin America; and to make a special effort to assemble and exhibit the resources and products of Latin America.

"To provide for the securing of bonded warehouse privileges by which goods from foreign countries for exhibit purposes shall be placed in the Exposition duty free."

THE NEW GIRL

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

One hears repeatedly the ejaculation "O Boy!" but it will soon change to "O Girl!" if the present tendency of girls learning boys' trades continues, and it bids fair to, judging by the female enrollment in masculine lines of endeavor at the University of Washington, in Seattle.

Scorning rouge and the powder-puff, one

ONLY WOMAN STUDENT ENROLLED IN "BLACKSMITH'S COURSE" AT UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, SEATTLE

Miss Myer aspires to be a farmer raising wheat and stock, and she is preparing to make herself useful as a mechanic

junior, in particular, at the "U" is imbibing knowledge of works in iron with the forge; in other words, she is learning the trade of blacksmith, and is the only female student taking this course at the University. The course is designated "Engineering Forging," but a forge where iron or metal is wrought by heating and hammering is the goal toward which this young girl is working. The anvil chorus attracts her, while jazz strains hold no lure. Her highest ambition is to be mistress of a

Film on Teeth

Is What Discolors—Not the Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of Teeth Are Wrecked by It

That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is the major tooth destroyer. It causes most tooth troubles.

It clings to the teeth and enters crevices. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. So millions find that teeth discolor and decay despite their daily brushing.

The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So brushing does not save the teeth if it leaves that film around them.

After years of searching, dental science has found a way to combat film. For daily use it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Four years have been spent in clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging its constant use. And we supply a 10-Day Tube to anyone who asks. Thus countless homes have now come to employ this scientific dentifrice.

Your Tube is Waiting

Your 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is waiting. Send the coupon for it. Then note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will be amazed at these ten-day results.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed impossible.

Now active pepsin is made possible by a harmless activating method. Because of patents it is found in Pepsodent alone.

For your own sake and your children's sake we urge immediate trial. Compare the results with your present methods.

Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Send the Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 767, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

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Crane's Linen Lawn

[THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER]

How supremely important to us are certain letters! With what strength, yet how delicately they convey their friendly messages!

A sympathetic interpreter is the stationery that bears them. Crane's Linen Lawn owns a smartness which appeals to the conservative and to the liberal, and which only its honourable ancestry permits.

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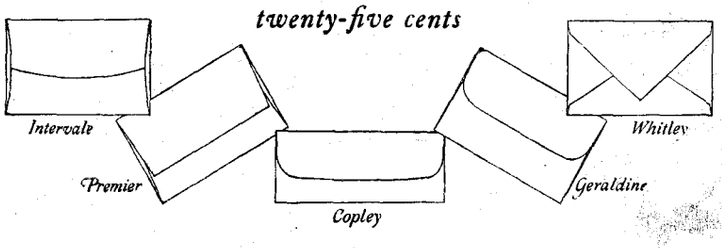

The name of "Raveledge Vellum" appropriately describes one of the Crane papers that will please the woman who desires a touch of the unusual.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY

New York Pittsfield, Mass.

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The New Girl (Continued)

farm, with chickens, cows, hogs, and all such as contribute to the "joys" of ranch life. The desire to learn blacksmithing emanated from her ambition to be a real farmer, and as such to know somewhat about mechanics, so she is giving her time to learning how to fashion bolts and bars from rough iron as well as to point a plowshare.

This energetic girl does not balk at rolling up her sleeves and working to attain her ambition. She intends to earn her contemplated farm, then to manage it personally.

A profession that is finding favor with University co-eds is engineering, and surveying holds a greater charm for some of these students than does motoring or dancing. Now the fair student is preparing to accomplish feats hitherto attempted only by the sterner sex, and being a girl is no handicap to the laying out of water systems, parks, streets, and other public utilities.

Engineering and surveying, hitherto thought eligible professions only for men, have had the bars of sex removed, and girl students are invading the field, with determination to accomplish whatsoever their brothers deem accomplishable in these professions.

The University has already graduated women doctors and lawyers, with a female blacksmith nearing the graduation goal and women engineers on the highroad toward laurels; nor have the fair students at this seat of learning neglected to delve into the secrets of interior decorating. Already there are several girl experts in this line of endeavor, who during the vacation months earn tidy sums decorating interiors of Seattle homes. This profession is one that women should be well adapted for, as they have a finer sense of the artistic and the home atmosphere has a stronger appeal to them than to male adherents of the profession.

The University of Washington admits no bar of sex to women's choice of studies in this institution; woman may study either blacksmithing or home economics, whichever she wills. But thus far there is no record of men invading the women's realms of endeavor, though a revulsion may be imminent, as there is a great dearth of women domestics. And who will keep the home fires burning while the woman fans the blacksmith's anvil sparks with the bellows, women go on journeys surveying and engineering, and wander far afield in other industries hitherto thought of only by men?

Mere man may chop the firewood and do other chores about the house necessary for the upkeep of the family hearth; but will the turning worm of domestic unrest compel him to remain at home to do the cooking, chamberwork, laundry, and the other multitudinous household duties that contribute toward keeping the home fires burning, while mother, wife, daughter, or sister goes forth to tackle the men's jobs and bring home the bacon?

Meanwhile, in Seattle, elevators are being manipulated by women; some downtown mail is being delivered by women carriers; women are donning overalls and building their own homes; women judges preside over some of the courts, women lawyers are at the bar, women are on the juries; women figure as doctors, dentists, aurists, oculists, and optometrists; in fact, there seems to be no limit to woman's endeavor, and no longer does anybody marvel at her vocations. This is woman's day. O Girl!!!

IF you want to remain on friendly terms with your fountain pen, if you want the pen to start right in on high the moment the point touches the paper, and stay there until the job is finished, use Carter's Fountain Pen Ink. First wash the pen thoroughly, preferably let it stay in water overnight. Give the pen a chance to work for you as it should. You will be pleased, too, with the strong, rich Carter blue.

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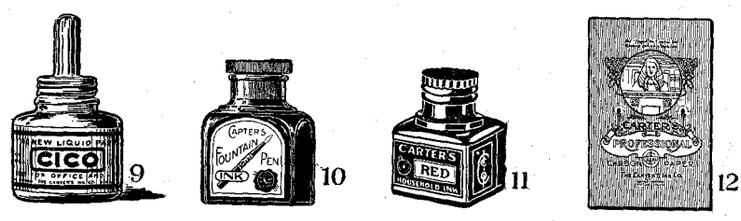

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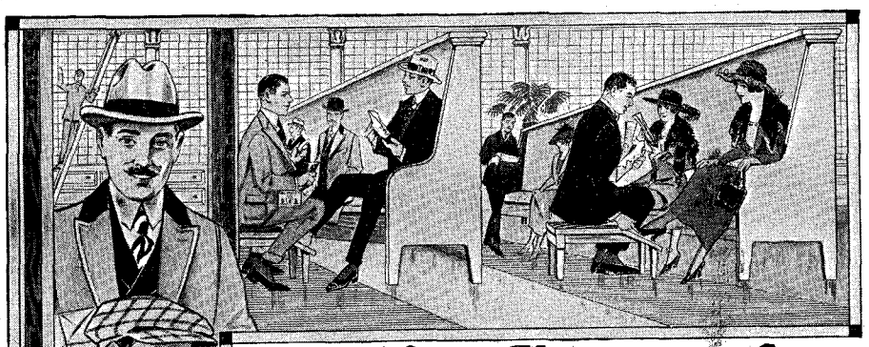

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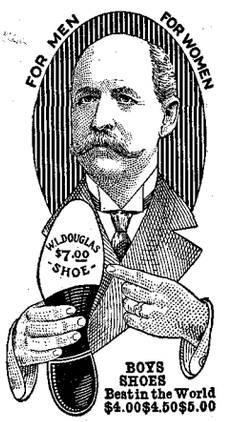

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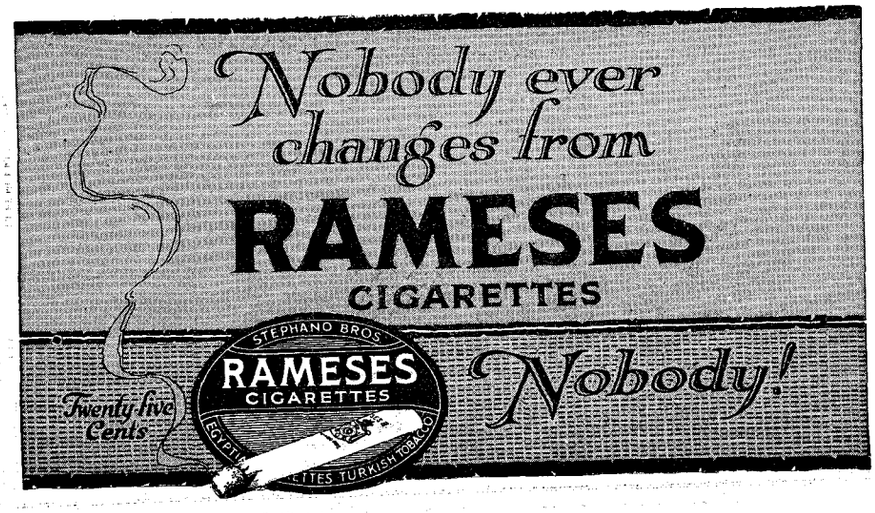

CONSUMER

BY GRAHAM CAMPBELL

What's all this nonsense about labor?
—Producer and consumer?
I'm a consumer myself;
I consume about ten meals a week
At the Grill Café.
Labor is good to me.
Labor is the Greek girl
With a broad tired face
And a homing look in her eyes.
Mornings I sit at the counter with her
While she drinks her coffee;
We talk about her husband,
About business and the weather—
I noticed to-day I had cream on my pudding
While the other consumers had milk.
If consumers would sit at the counter
And talk about weather and husbands,
They would have cream on their puddings
And there would be no nonsense about labor.

A PLACE FOR THE OX

BY J. T. BARTLETT

The ox was the nearly exclusive source of animal draught power used, East and West, in pioneer settlement of most of the United States. Before the era of glorified steam, setting in with the Civil War, the ox fitted a round hole like a round peg expressly, expertly fashioned for it. He was sure, safe, strong, long-winded. The cheap, coarse roughage he existed on when required—feed that a horse would refuse, or, eating, fail in his work—the ox converted into the most powerful energy known among the ordinary draught animals. When he reached maturity, ordinarily at five to six years, he was fattened and slaughtered for beef—not the best of beef, not comparable with that of quickly matured steers, yet good, honest beef, and cheap.

The ox was a very Gibraltar of reliance under the most trying vicissitudes of the pioneer caravan in uncharted deserts and mountains. The ox is a hero almost wholly unhonored for his part in bringing under organized rule and settlement, not alone the Eastern States, but the great empire beyond the Mississippi. Ox power was the universal force under which in the early days the prairie schooner sailed.

The idea of steam power as a substitute for ox power seems absurd, yet it was not the horse, but the steam railway, speeding up our entire agricultural, industrial, and social organization, which made untenable the ox's major place in American agriculture, a position far above the horse, which he held for more than half of our National history.

There are instances, for that matter, of actual competition between the "iron horse" and the flesh-and-blood ox. At Concord, New Hampshire, a few months ago, a flour milling company owning a private siding purchased a switching engine to shift its cars. A general reorganization of the company's plant led to the change from oxen, which for above fifty years had pulled the company's empty and loaded freight cars, and done it well.

The tractor may erroneously be presumed by some to deliver to the ox a final knock-out blow, finishing the work which the draught horse popularly, but the steam-engine really, nearly accomplished. This is not correct. The menace of the tractor and that newer farm accessory, the motor truck, is entirely to the draught horse, the passing of which from its now strong position in American agriculture is imminent. Fifty years hence the farm draught horse

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A Place for the Ox (Continued)

may be more of a curiosity than the ox is to many now.

In Europe prior to the great war, when land and not the man, as in the United States, was at the premium, and where per acre yield was the objective in agriculture, contrasting with the high per capita, human unity yield, which is the American goal, the ox held a very important place. In Asia and Africa his relation to agriculture is even more important.

The ox is as slow as cold molasses. That is his failing. His place in extensive agriculture in this mechanical age of America must be a minor one. The average American farmer, plowing, cultivating, and harvesting two acres to raise the food the French farmer does on one, obviously must be a power farmer to survive. He cannot use oxen. Soon he will see he cannot use draught horses. That, at least, is the trend of the times.

The ox nevertheless has a special place in American agriculture, and he is growing to it. He practically became extinct early in the twentieth century. His numbers are now on the increase throughout Eastern back-hill country, and, surprising though it may be to many, he participated creditably in producing in war time the biggest field crops the Northeastern States had grown in years. His niche is on back farms, distant from the railway, where farming is secondary to lumber production. These back farmers grow one excellent crop of white pine in a lifetime on their rough pastures, sell cordwood annually, and get their economical living as they go from small, rough, rocky fields. Oxen easily do their little plowing. Oxen function better than horses in their rough, ticklish winter logging work. Oxen cost little to keep, and sell up to $200 a head when killed for beef. They are excellent money-makers under the mentioned conditions, which are fairly widespread in back country of the Eastern slope.

So blacksmiths are learning that nearly lost art, the shoeing of oxen. Farmers are studying the lore of the venerable ox-trainers and teamsters. The dark-red Devon is the ideal breed for oxen. He matures slowly, but is matchless for work and "looks." And looks count, too. The genuine Yankee admires well-bred ox-flesh as he does hardly anything else, and will pay for it. One New Hampshire family—the Coes—which has bred Devons for generations, lined up five fancy trained yoke, sold at a New England fall fair. Two pairs, ten months old, sold for $160 and $195; one two-year-old pair, not specially fed, brought $225; and another pair, expertly grown, yet the same age, $330. A pair of mature six-year-olds brought $515. These oxen were bought for work and ultimate beef by farmers of that thrifty Yankee strain to whom, proverbially, a cent is as big as the top of a stove. The family which raised them made a good profit.

Though many styles of ox harness have been devised and some are sold commercially, though annually at Eastern rural fairs trained oxen in buggies amuse the crowd, still the standard working rig of the ox remains, as it has for centuries, the yoke. The farmer drives with an ox-stick. He can ride if the oxen are well trained and the going good, but it is generally more pleasant to walk. The ox has power, and then power, and reserve supply of power to burn, but speed—well, it can't be read or bred into him.

Boulder, Colorado.

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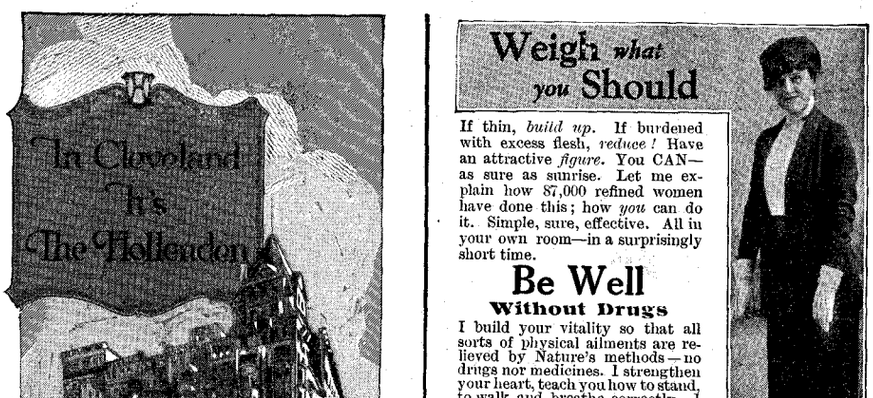

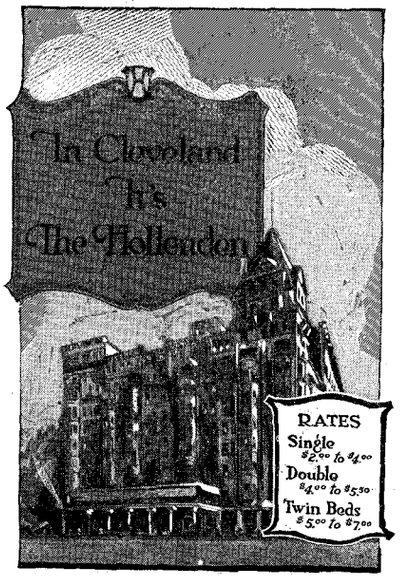

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CO-OPERATION BETWEEN PARENTS AND THE SCHOOL

BY R. HEBER HOWE, JR.

Most careful parents, when they have decided to send their boy to a boarding-school, investigate a number of the reputable schools of the region and then invariably make their choice because of location, equipment, head master, scholarship record, social or athletic advantage, or for other reasons save one—the best school for their particular son. It is also extraordinary how many splendid sons are sent to boarding-schools which have been chosen from advertisement or from catalogue description alone. And, though not the invariable rule, the catalogues of schools are usually inversely elaborate with their real worth.

It is not, however, the choice of a school that concerns our attention, but the co-operation with the school after the choice has been made.

This should be the daily resolve of all parents having boys away at boarding-school, provided at the outset they have satisfied themselves of the soundness of the school itself: "Without depreciating our parental loyalty, give us strength sufficient to uphold in disciplinary crises the authority of the institution of our choice. Not the institution alone, but its integral parts—masters and rules of work and play."

Some parents are curiously unconscious of the reputation they give their sons. Let me contrast two recent conversations. The other day I met a proud parent of whose son heretofore I knew little. This was his father's disclosure: "My boy is now at —— School. It is a splendid school," he added, boldly apologetic. "Oh," said I, "I thought he was at —— School." "No, he could not get along with his Latin master there; the man should never teach boys!" "But the school has a fine name," I ventured. "Well, it is, in my opinion, quite undeserved. At —— Joe is on the football team, is in one of the best school societies, and doing well at his work." "You had no trouble," I asked, "in having —— accept him after his withdrawal at ——?" "No, indeed; they were glad to get him after hearing the *facts*." "How about the Latin?" I queried. "Joe has not mentioned it, and I am not sure it is one of his studies now." Both the boy and his father had joined the ranks of excuse-makers, and the discarded school benefited in reputation by comparison.

By curious coincidence, on the same day I met a frail mother of an only son of whom I had never heard. "I am hoping," she said, "that my boy will find himself this coming year at school. . . . I was fortunate in making him realize that he was not making the most of his opportunity when he was put on probation last January. . . . I am sure he now understands that his punishment at —— was deserved and for his best interest. . . . He is only a boy, and is in the melting-pot. . . . It would be a pity to shake his confidence in the school's sense of justice." Here was a mother whose son had more than an even chance to become a man.

In these two incidents co-operation and lack of co-operation between parent and school are clearly apparent, and co-operation is fundamental for success. Dr. Coit, one of the great schoolmasters of America, used to say to his boys, "It is much more important, young men, what your masters think of you than what you think of your

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Co-operation Between Parents and the School
(Continued)

masters;" but there are many parents who carelessly instill into the minds of their sons the opposite view.

In the matter of co-operation parents frequently need guidance, for there are parents whose idea of co-operation is not that of the school. The mother of the homesick boy, always much to be praised for her parental affection, fails to co-operate by too frequent visits, too frequent letters, and cannot understand that to co-operate is to keep away. The parent, on the other hand, who sends his boy to a school which he has never seen, pays his tuition, and expects the school to do the rest does not realize that there is no substitute for parental responsibility and advice.

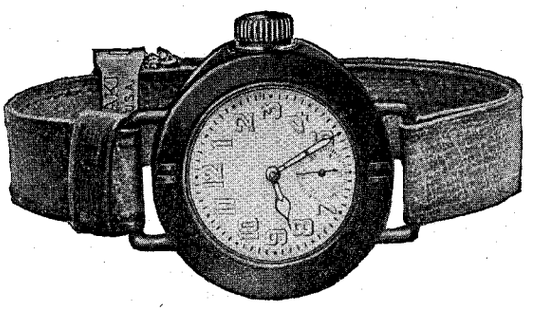
A few other concrete cases of what is meant by co-operation may not be amiss. Most schools to-day ask their students to do what is known as "required summer reading." All persons have a right to an opinion on worth-while literature, and all opinions do not agree; but these lists are prepared with care and purpose, whether they meet with general approval or not. It is difficult for the school and certainly not wise for the development of an amenable son to return him to his school in the autumn with the books unread, because those required were a "ridiculous lot." There are parents who continually grumble because the school is not making their son work. "Why does he not stand better?" is their plaint. But plans for a trip to California during the Christmas recess are made and the school blamed because obdurate over an early dismissal of the same boy to make the trip worth while in length. The parents had not *noticed* that the train reservations did not coincide with the school's vacation.

The saddest cases, however, are the ones where family pride is put before the development of a manly son. There have been cases where a lawyer has, as a last resort, been sent to argue to save expulsion, though all good schools reserve the right at any time to sever a boy's connection for the common good. Boys have boasted, because told at home, that their father's influence would save them from being expelled. These are pride-blind parents who care really nothing for the character development of their sons. And just as there are discouraging cases of this kind to deal with where the head master and the school, though ever so blackguarded, in requiring expulsion are in reality the boy's only friend, there are the opposite cases that make school-teaching not only a satisfaction but effective. A father whose boy is in serious disciplinary trouble comes, at the school's request, to be told of the situation. He asks for no minute examination of evidence; his boy is a boy and has erred. He asks the verdict, "Expulsion or probation, which will be best for the boy?" "Bill's all right," he says, "but he has a punky spot that must be replaced by sound timber. It's not this temptation, but the next, that worries me. Against that he must get help."

Then there are the hundred other co-operations less important, but still of great value — the traveling of three hundred miles by a parent to be at the finish of a three-minute boat race simply "to show interest," or a long journey after a hard day in the office to attend a mediocre dramatic performance "to show" the same "interest."

Co-operation and interest—if there could

Waltham Movement



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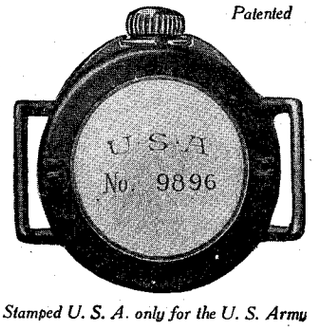

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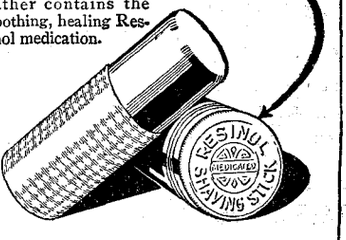

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Co-operation Between Parents and the School
(Continued)

be more of these shown by parents more boys would become men, more parents would be satisfied with the boarding-school of their choice, and incidentally fewer school-teachers would grow bald and gray.

THE RETURNED SOLDIER

In the October number of "Scribner's Magazine" appeared a very interesting article entitled "European Unrest and the Returned Soldier." The author, if I understand him rightly, is of the opinion that the future of Europe is in the hands of the demobilized soldiers, and that these soldiers have unfortunately become brutalized by their experiences of the last four years. Now if these theories of Lieutenant de Man are true, it would appear that Europe is doomed to undergo another period of the dark ages unless the various governments take immediate steps to collect all their ex-soldiers in reformatories and subject them to a rigid course of soul culture which may ultimately rid them of that bestiality acquired in fighting for their country. I gather that Lieutenant de Man has a very low opinion of the average European soldier. "Ignorant workers and peasants," he calls them, compared to whom any ten-year-old American schoolboy is an enlightened philosopher. For any ten-year-old schoolboy in the United States could have given a more intelligent answer as to what the war was about than nine-tenths of the men in the Belgian unit that Lieutenant de Man commanded. Now this is a very remarkable tribute to American education, but I question whether it is entirely just to the Belgians. I know nothing of the two hundred men Lieutenant de Man commanded, but I have met a good many Belgians since 1914, and it seemed to me that they had a very clear idea of what htey were fighting for. Indeed, as far as Belgium was concerned, it did not require a very high order of intellect to understand the causes of the war.

War is certainly a grim business, but I fancy that to Lieutenant de Man it must have been even more horrible than to most intelligent men. "Let there be no misunderstanding about it," he said; "fighting in the great war . . . could not be done without appealing to, encouraging, and developing the worst of the lower animal instincts of mankind." If that has been Lieutenant de Man's personal experience, I am profoundly sorry for him. I am, however, devoutly thankful that his theories of training were not adopted by any English or American officer under whom I had the pleasure of serving during the last four years. But Lieutenant de Man goes even further. He says that "every soldier who has been through it has a duty to fight the misconception of war by home-stayers or non-combatant soldiers as an occupation that promotes the development of the higher virtues of manhood." It is here that I beg to take exception with him. Does Lieutenant de Man really mean that it is our duty to go home and tell the families of those men who were wounded or killed that they are entirely wrong if they think that their sons, brothers, or husbands were ennobled by their great sacrifice, that as a matter of fact they would only have been a menace to society?

Evidently the author has a good deal of the primitive man about him. If he were to obey his native animal instincts, he would

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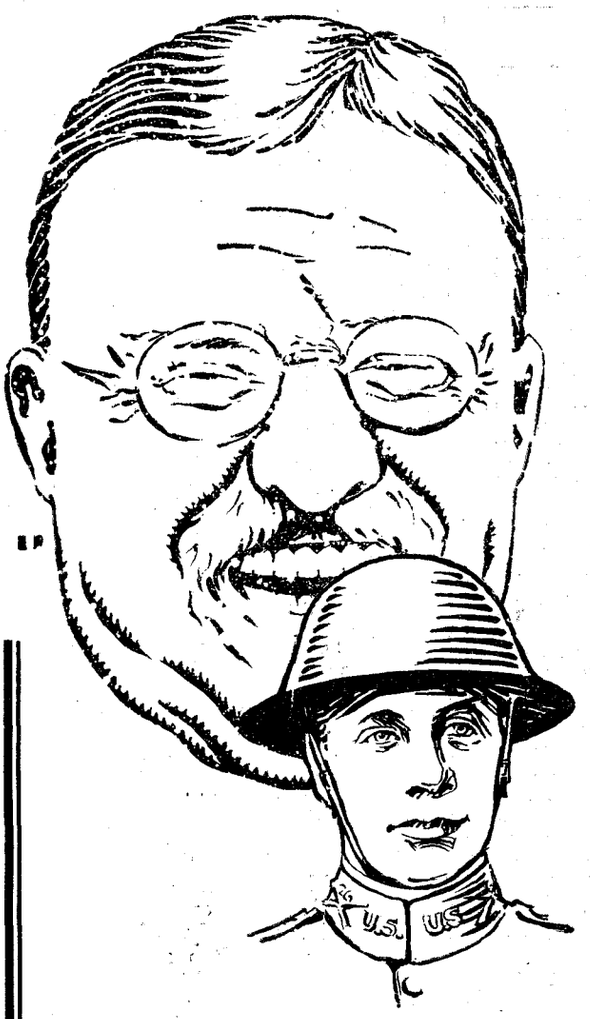

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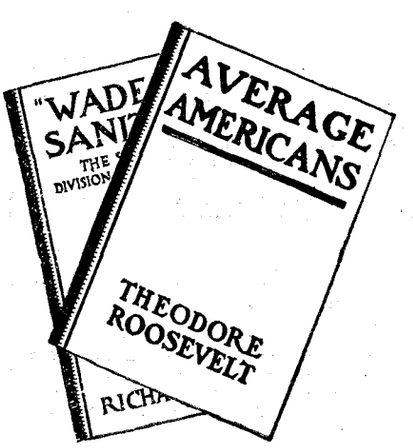

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The Returned Soldier (Continued)

"enlist again in any army in any future war . . . merely to experience again that voluptuous thrill of the human brute who realizes his power to take away life from other human beings who try to do the same thing to him." If we can conceive of a sophisticated introspective Viking, he would probably have applauded Lieutenant de Man's sentiments to the echo, but most men to-day are made of less inflammable material. If we are talking of native animal instincts, surely self-preservation is as deep-rooted as any. My experience has been that if a shell fell near any body of men nine out of ten ducked—not that they were not brave, but simply that man's instinct is to avoid danger unless there be some special virtue in facing it.

The war brought out that virtue to an unparalleled degree. Men who in the ordinary walks of life had never thought of anything save their own material comforts acquired the habit of courage and constant unselfishness. I appeal to any company or battery commander if he does not remember scores of instances where men offered to do one another's work. I question very much whether those same men in civil life would have been so anxious to bear one another's burdens. Even Lieutenant de Man grudgingly admits that the "primitive fighting instincts . . . are not all of a low animal, or anti-social, nature," though he goes on to deplore that the value of mechanical discipline has been "more than counterbalanced by a loss of the spirit of initiative." Now if there is one fact that the war has proved conclusively, it is that, other things being equal, the soldier with the most initiative is bound to win. However carefully the Staff drew up their plans, the exploitation of the victory always depended to a very large extent on the initiative of the private soldier. Ludendorff's army orders—and, whatever his faults, Ludendorff was not a sentimentalist about war—repeatedly mentions the paramount importance of inculcating the spirit of initiative.

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In case any one should infer that my line of reasoning leads inevitably to the Bernhardi doctrine that war is a positive benefit to the human race, let me hasten to disabuse his mind. No one who has been through it can doubt that war is a cursed thing, and incidentally the most inconclusive way of settling disputes. The last four years have cost Europe some ten million lives, but, thank God, they have had some compensating advantages. If the destinies

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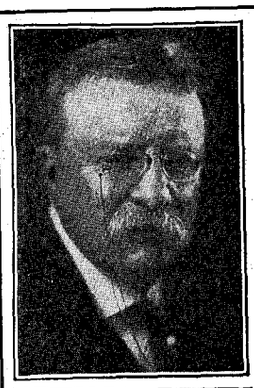

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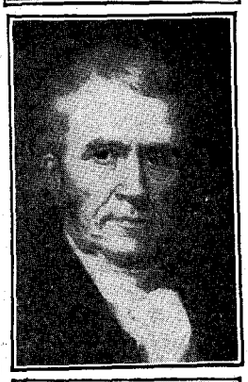

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of the world are to be decided by the returned soldiers, as Lieutenant de Man says, I claim that we should be thankful for the experience they have bought so dearly. Far from being brutalized, I claim that they have been made more human, and that the men who risked their lives in the Hindenburg line are the better for it. We do not read that Mr. Greatheart or Mr. Valiant-for-Truth suffered any "lowering of moral level owing to their habitual combatant activity." On the contrary, they were better men for having been through the Valley of Humiliation. Is it unduly optimistic to think that the European soldiers who have fought for four years in the Valley of the Shadow of Death have emerged equally purified?

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It was on the Watagua River, about thirty miles from Tusculum, that the men of this section mobilized, eight hundred strong, to march against Colonel Ferguson, encamped with eleven hundred British regulars on King's Mountain. Dr. Doak was no pacifist. He preached a sermon to the men just before they marched, exhorting them to "smite the redcoats hip and thigh." Ferguson had sent word to the Watauga Association to submit to the King or their country would be ravaged with fire and sword. The Tennesseans went to him swiftly, destroyed his command completely, hung ten Tories, and returned to East Tennessee, where they demobilized, quite unaware that they had wiped out the left wing of Cornwallis's army and saved the cause of independence at its darkest hour.

When the Watauga Association was founded, Dr. Doak established a "classical academy" soon thereafter within a few hundred yards of the campus of what is now Tusculum College, giving it the name of Tusculum because he believed its beauty and climate quite the equal of the Tusculum, fifteen miles from Rome, where Cæsar, Cicero, and other famous Romans had their villas.

It is safe to say that not a great many people know that in 1784 the same people

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A Rural College with a History (Continued)

who had established the Watauga Association rebelled against the authority of the State of North Carolina and set up the "State of Franklin," the first Governor of which was John Sevier, and the capital Jonesboro, twenty miles from Tusculum. The State of Franklin functioned for four years, and again acknowledged the authority of North Carolina, but only with the agreement that it would be ceded to the Federal Government. In 1790 what is now the State of Tennessee became the "Territory of the United States South of the Ohio River," and from that government Tusculum College received its original charter. For more than one hundred and twenty-five years it has been the dominating educational influence in a wide area of mountain and valley country inhabited almost exclusively by descendants of the sturdy pioneers who formed the Watauga Association.

The programme for Americanization Day last year in Worcester, Massachusetts, was printed in thirty-two different languages. Not one person in ten thousand, we are told, of the more than one million people who live within a radius of one hundred miles of Tusculum College could read that programme in any modern language except the English, barring of course those who have merely a school knowledge of French, German, and Spanish. But it is safe to say that some one of any fifty men brought together casually would be able to translate it from the Latin of Cæsar, and that some one of any one hundred men so brought together would be able to translate it from the Greek of Xenophon.

Until after the Civil War Tusculum was the College to which young men came from western North Carolina, southwestern Virginia, and southeastern Kentucky. They were all of the same Scotch-Irish stock, and their ancestors were Presbyterians. The graduating classes were not large, but the young men who completed about the same course as that required for Bachelor of Arts at Princeton were of mature years, not infrequently near thirty, and given to oratory. They became Presbyterian preachers, lawyers, doctors, and politicians. Each of the graduates delivered a carefully prepared oration, as nearly as possible after the style of Cicero. Then there was the Commencement address by some man of more than local reputation.

To be present on such occasions and hear the orations of the graduates and the Commencement address and to renew acquaintances people came in buggies and carriages and on horses many miles, sometimes traveling the better part of a week. The homes of the people living at and about the College and in Greeneville were thrown open for the entertainment of the visitors. The people who lived within a score of miles came almost *en masse*. Thus the habit acquired between the end of the Revolutionary War and the beginning of the Civil War persists to this day. The Commencement exercises are held from a rustic stage in front of a sort of natural amphitheater shaded by giant oaks which grow in profusion over the campus of more than forty acres.

This year was a low one in attendance, because nearly all of the young men were overseas. It was from this section of the Southern mountains that the famous "Wildcat" division was secured. There are nearly no Negroes in East Tennessee,

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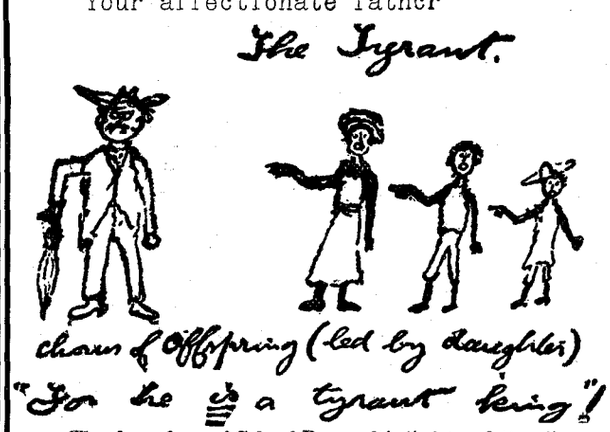

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A Rural College with a History (Continued)

as there were nearly no slaves. This region was intensely loyal to the Union, more than thirty thousand men in what are now two Congressional districts of the State having volunteered to fight against the Confederacy.

The political and religious sympathy of the region with the North is not entirely due to the fact that few slaves were held by the people of this region. While there is now considerable illiteracy in the mountains, the forebears of these "mountain whites" were almost entirely Presbyterian, and no home was so poor or so illiterate as not to have a family Bible, a Confession of Faith, a hymn-book, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and a life of George Washington. The thought of the country had been largely shaped by Andrew Jackson, who came to this section on horseback, carrying in his saddle pockets his pair of famous dueling pistols and a volume of Blackstone. Twenty miles from Tusculum there still stands in Jonesboro a big oak tree near which Jackson held court in a log courthouse. One of the traditions regarding Jackson is of a drunken desperado who was shouting in the street near where court was being held. His Honor ordered the sheriff to arrest the brawler and bring him into court. The drunken man was not so drunk that he could not quickly shin up the oak tree and take refuge on a big limb, from which he threatened the officer with a hunting-knife. The sheriff reported conditions to the Judge, who ordered him to summon enough help to arrest the offender. The sheriff replied, "I summon your Honor from the bench." His Honor took from his saddle pockets his trusty dueling pistols, went out, and ordered the man to come down. He was met with profane refusal. Jackson fired a shot into the limb on which the desperado was sitting, then cocked the other pistol and took careful aim at the man himself, saying, "Now come down, or, by the Eternal, I will put this bullet through your heart." The man came down. Jackson was still the idol of the people of this section when, as President, he threatened to hang John C. Calhoun for teaching nullification in South Carolina.

Andrew Johnson also exercised a profound influence on the people of East Tennessee. His old tailor shop is less than four miles from the College, and it is of record in the archives of the Philologian Debating Society that Johnson was called upon for a speech when at the College one night. Tradition has it that he was then unable to read, but said, after leaving the hall, "There is something in me, and it's got to come out."

As indicating something of the character of the forefathers of the people of this region it may be worth while to mention that both Daniel Boone and "Davy" Crockett were born within less than thirty miles of Tusculum; that Sam Houston was born of the same stock, just to the north of Tennessee in Virginia; that Abraham Lincoln, of the same stock, was born less than a hundred miles away in Kentucky; and that Sergeant Alvin York, "the supreme hero of the war," as Marshal Foch characterized him, was born less than a hundred miles away from Tusculum as the crow flies.

Tusculum is the mother of all other colleges in its region, which until recently might well have been described as the land of small colleges. As indicative of the in-

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A Rural College with a History (Continued)

fluence of Tusculum College outside of its immediate neighborhood, the following excerpt from the Commencement address delivered at the College on June 3, by the Rev. Austin D. Crile, LL.D., President of the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, is printed at the request of President Charles O. Gray, of Tusculum. Dr. Crile said:

I first became really aware of the importance of Tusculum College at the convention of more than fifteen hundred teachers of the State Educational Association at Albuquerque four years ago. Tusculum had about all of one day's programme, although there was no thought of Tusculum's preponderance when the programme was arranged. The invocation was pronounced by the Rev. John R. Gass, D.D., a splendid-looking gentleman with a mass of white hair. I asked something of him and was told he was from Tennessee and a graduate of Tusculum College. The next address was by State Superintendent Alvin N. White, also for four years a student of Tusculum College.

The third address of that day was delivered by M. L. Fox, editor of the Albuquerque "Morning Journal," who had been unanimously selected by the heads of all the institutions of higher learning in the State to speak for them before the convention of teachers. Mr. Fox is a graduate of Tusculum College. The principal address of the day was delivered by the Rev. Jere Moore, D.D., who, I then learned, was a graduate of Tusculum College and had been its President during twenty years, before he went West.

In New Mexico there are more than two thousand graduates of Eastern colleges and universities; and when it came out incidentally that nearly every speaker at the greatest educational meeting ever held in the Southwest was a graduate of Tusculum College, Tennessee, I began to wonder just what sort of school, two thousand miles from New Mexico, turned out such men.

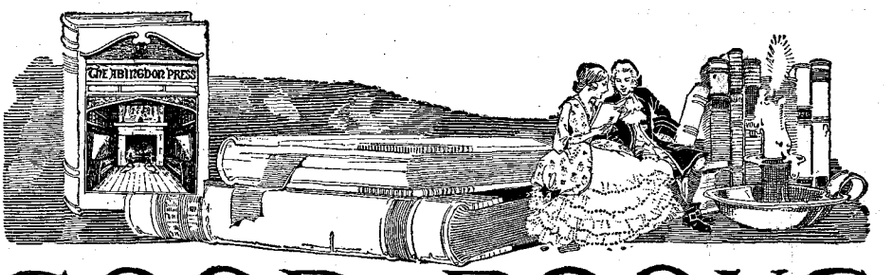
But my introduction to Tusculum College on that day was not finished. My attention was called to an educational institution just north of the city. The grounds were well laid out and there were a half-dozen large buildings. It, I learned, was the Menaul School, maintained by the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church, and it had been built up under the management of J. Chalmers Ross during eighteen years of efficient work. I learned that Mr. Ross had graduated from Tusculum College.

And I have had occasion since that time to meet quite a number of other Tusculum graduates in New Mexico. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church at State College was at that time the Rev. E. E. Mathes, D.D., now synodical missionary—a splendid, cultured, Christian gentleman. Last year at the session of our State Legislature I was attracted by the ability and energy of Senator Lucero, a political leader among the young men of the State. I learned that he was a graduate of Tusculum; and a teacher of history in the Agricultural College of which I am president is Miss Lucie Armitage, a graduate of Tusculum.

There is something more than mere education, however good that may be, in a school whose graduates so profoundly influence the life of a distant State like New Mexico.

Some denominational colleges in the State have been forced out of existence by the pressure of State-maintained schools, others are feeling the pressure, but Tusculum, thanks to donations from Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick, widow of Cyrus H. McCormick, inventor of the reaper, and the late Mr. D. Willis James, and to the generosity of Andrew Carnegie and others, is flourishing.

Tusculum is now adding vocational education to its rather rigid classical course; has eight commodious buildings with modern equipment, and has just started a campaign for a half-million-dollar addition to



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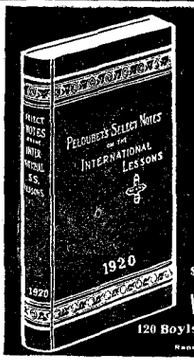

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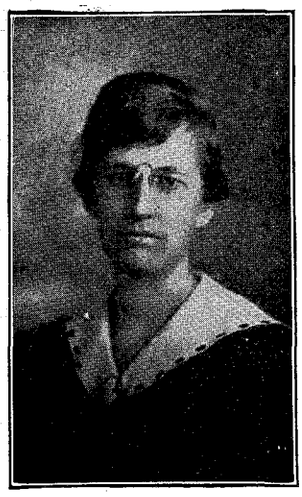

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A Rural College with a History (Continued)

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THE MENNONITES

BY MARY L. LOORAM

Many of the Mennonites, a sect founded by Menno Simons Zurich in 1525, are seeking a new home in which they can live the way they choose.

From the first these people have dwelt wholly within themselves, taking no interest in politics and deeply concerned only in their own religion and in their own schools. The main interest of the sect lay not in dogma but in discipline. Community life was reduced to a law of separation from the world, and this separation, enforced by a stringent use of excommunication and the prohibition of marriage beyond the brotherhood, involved, not only abstinence from worldly vanities, but refusal of civic duties, refusal to take an oath or use the sword. Under the imperfect views of toleration current in the sixteenth century, they became objects of bitter persecution. They then sought only to withdraw from what their conscience condemned, content to live as strangers upon earth, and devoting all their energy to preserving the purity of their own communities. The pursuit of holiness in a society protected by a strict discipline is an idea which has a great attraction for one class of earnest minds; hence, in spite of persecutions incomparably fiercer than any of the larger Christian bodies ever underwent, the new doctrine spread rapidly from Switzerland to Germany, Holland, and even to France. Each community was quite independent, united to the rest only by a bond of love. The German colonists were brought to southern Russia by the Empress Catherine. It was from Russia that they came to America in 1683, at the invitation of William Penn, and founded a settlement at Germantown.

In 1874 they began going to South Dakota, and that Territory, being sadly in need of settlers, made cordial efforts to attract them. They took up land in colonies of fifteen or twenty families—some even being as large as forty families—and proceeded to live practically the same community life and teach the same doctrines as those preached by their religious founder. This is not surprising, as their theology is ascetic rather than dogmatic or speculative.

One of the first things that each community built was a mill. Sometimes all the families of a community live in one square, barn-like house with many windows, and sometimes each family has a cottage of its own. They use a common pasture, with a common shepherd, and they still burn fuel made of manure and straw. There is a huge community barn, and a church and school in one. No pleasures or adornments of life are permitted; especially forbidden are jewelry, buttons, and ornaments. Both the men and women of a Mennonite colony are hooked into their clothes.

Each community has a boss, who is also the minister and school-teacher. They have a community bakery, wash-house, shoe shop, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, and serving-room. The community dining-room is a huge, bare place furnished with primitive benches and tables. The young people are usually kept apart, but are herded together at certain seasons of

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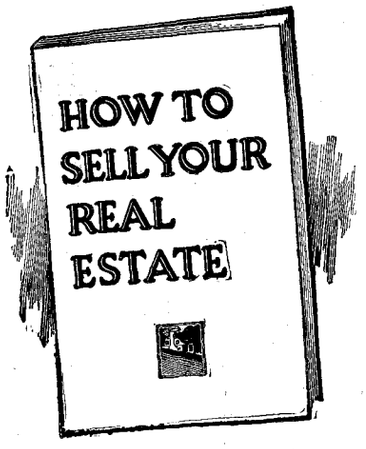

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The Mennonites (Continued)

the year for social intercourse. The elders, however, keep the arrangement of marriages mostly in their own hands.

When the war clouds gathered over the world, the Mennonites were not disturbed, for they did not believe in war. They kept on living plainly, peacefully, and primitively, as they had been doing, and as their sanctified leader had taught their forefathers to do. They did not contribute to Liberty Loans, for, they said, their money must not support wars. They did not give to the Red Cross and their men did not volunteer.

And then one day they found that the United States did not think it sufficient that they live in peace among themselves and their neighbors. It was in danger, and it demanded their support. Their protest that they did not believe in war was not always listened to. Their young men were drafted, or, if they objected, some were sent to prison.

Then many of the quiet and resigned Mennonites started to look up a new refuge. Some chose Canada, especially the Saskatchewan district, and started to leave South Dakota. In little communities and groups they went as fast as they could sell their lands. The Mennonites are not mercenary, and they often sold their rich lands for half their value, so that they might get away.

But now, before all the sect have left South Dakota, word comes that Canada is not the refuge they supposed, and some who went there are leaving for Argentina. There is a new law in Canada abolishing foreign-language schools, and, as the Saskatchewan colony speaks German, it is having trouble with the authorities for not sending its children to the schools provided by the state. Those still left in South Dakota are undecided whether to go to Saskatchewan or Argentina.

ON WHOM WAS THE JOKE?

Booth Tarkington is said to tell with gusto this story concerning himself and another popular author: "I was strolling around an artists' Red Cross fair when two pretty 'flappers' of sixteen or so came up and asked me for my autograph. 'I haven't got a fountain pen,' I said, much flattered. 'Will a pencil do?' 'Yes,' said the other 'flapper,' and so I took out my pencil and signed my name in the morocco-bound book that she had given me. The flapper studied the signature with a frown. Then she looked up and said: 'Aren't you Robert W. Chambers?' 'No,' said I. 'I'm Booth Tarkington.' The 'flapper' turned to her friend with a shrug of disgust. 'Lend me your rubber, May,' she said."

FISH AND FISH STORIES

A United States Department head lately said, as reported in the newspapers:

"Some complaints and attacks remind me irresistibly of the chap who went trout-fishing.

"This chap returned empty-handed from his trip, and his wife said to him in some surprise:

"'Didn't you catch any trout at all, George?'

"'Oh, yes,' said he. 'I caught twenty-five fine, large trout, but they were stolen from me on the train.'

"'Well, never mind, George,' said his wife. 'You've brought home a brand-new fish story, anyhow.'"

HERMAN'S U.S. ARMY SHOE

Herman Style 44
Munson Last
Tan Russia Calfskin

Send for Catalogue

THIS is the day of sensibly-shaped shoes for Men. The steadily growing demand for comfort, fine appearance and long, economical wear has at last won a victory.

The War itself showed the incomparable value of the true foot-form type of shoe.

Herman's Shoes, made on the famous Munson U. S. Army Last—also in shapely civilianized modifications of it—are recognized everywhere for their pre-eminent fitting qualities and top-grade construction.

For business wear, for outdoor enjoyment, and for every other use in which foot-happiness is a prime consideration, Herman's Shoes are unexcelled.

Sold in 8,000 retail stores. If you are not near one, we will fit you correctly and quickly through our MAIL ORDER DEP'T at Boston

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Tells of the great opportunities for both men and women in this attractive profession, and how you can learn by mail in spare time. Send for copy at once. No obligations.
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ORANGES FROM TREE TO YOU *Grape Fruit too.* Send me $2.75 for Carton of 45 or more *Sweet* and *Juicy Oranges*. Parson Brown Variety. Three Cartons for $7.50. Finest flavored orange grown. Fully ripened on tree. Shipped by Prepaid Exp. to any point East of Miss. River. Carton of 16 or more delicious Grape Fruit same price. Safe arrival guaranteed. Add 50 cts. for quart Carton of Kumquats or Japanese Oranges, packed in Spanish moss and sent by mail about Jan. 1st. This is High Grade fruit and will please you, or money back.
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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

COMMENT ON CURRENT FINANCIAL TOPICS

A NEAR PANIC

THAT the bankers will continue to keep a rigid supervision over excess speculation for some time to come may be naturally expected, and it is doubtful indeed whether or not the ruthless speculator has learned a lesson sufficiently severe to cause him to abandon his excessive and ultra-speculative operations. If speculation shall not be curtailed, we may again witness the constraining elements of a Money Committee and of special margin requirements, possibly as high as 33⅓ per cent placed in operation. This is not always satisfactory, as "margin" is often expressed in terms of credit and not actual points or percentages.

At the present writing bankers express the opinion that the results of the recent experience are encouraging in that there has been a decided slowing down in all forms of speculation, but more noticeable in the securities markets than in commodity speculation.

Thirty per cent money has been a magic wand to values of securities and a phrase far beyond the conception of the average mind. The writer was asked by a successful merchant if 30 per cent money meant 30 per cent a day, and, if so, if a man's entire capital would not be eliminated at the end of a three days' period where money ruled at this figure.

If 30 per cent money is reduced to terms of dollars and cents, it fails to terrify even the most nervous borrower, for it is certain it cannot hold at this high figure for any length of time, and even on the one day at which this point was reached very little money

Why Has No Investor Ever Lost a Dollar

Of principal or interest on any security purchased of S. W. Straus & Co.?

This is a question many have asked. Perhaps it is a question that has formed itself in your mind. Do you wish to know the answer?

The answer is given in full in our booklet "Safety and 6%", which describes in detail the *Straus Plan*—that definite, time-tested, scientific system of safeguards which protects every bond we sell, and which is directly responsible for this record.

It will be to your advantage to understand the *Straus Plan*, which now is being widely imitated. Valuable investment literature will be sent you on receipt of your letter or postcard. Write today for

Circular No. L-905

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Established 1882 Incorporated

NEW YORK, 150 Broadway
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SAN FRANCISCO, Crocker Bldg.
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ST. LOUIS, Boatman's Bank Bldg.
MILWAUKEE, First National Bank Bldg.
BOSTON, Shawmut Bank Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS, Merchants Bank Bldg.
WASHINGTON, National Metropolitan Bank Bldg.
BUFFALO, Ellicott Square
LOS ANGELES, Merchants National Bank Bldg.
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Thirty-seven Years Without Loss to Any Investor

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Financial Department (Continued)

was actually loaned. Suppose a speculator was forced to borrow $10,000 to carry 100 shares of stock overnight—it would amount to only $8.33, or a little over one-sixteenth of a point. There is certainly nothing very alarming about that as an expense or a cause for throwing stocks overboard in such a panicky fashion.

WORLD BANKER

Is the United States to remain the world's banker? We shall soon know by the results of the success or failure of the new French Cities Loan. The cities of Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux have asked for $45,000,000, and have offered to the investor 6.8 per cent interest return. Up to the present time the results have not been overwhelmingly successful.

The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Loan of $250,000,000 has been closed as a successful accomplishment, the bonds having already been listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and the financial communities of the world are now anxiously awaiting the returns from the "French Cities" syndicate of bankers.

If the loan should be allowed to fail, it will mean that other foreign loans now contemplated must be abandoned and word sent out to the world that this country cannot hold its place of world's banker.

The situation confronting us to-day in this regard is critical, and must be met with action by the investing public at once. Shall we acknowledge that we have failed at this early point? The men of small means, who can buy $100 worth cash as a minimum, can turn the tide and save the monetary bulwark we have constructed at so great a cost of men and money and brains.

The loan is attractive and is to be rated as an investment, and if the recent money flurry has accomplished nothing more, it may have hinted to the hard-headed business men of this country that we must become a saving, investing Nation and throw aside ruthless and excessive speculative tendencies if we are to hold the position of prominence we have so recently attained.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

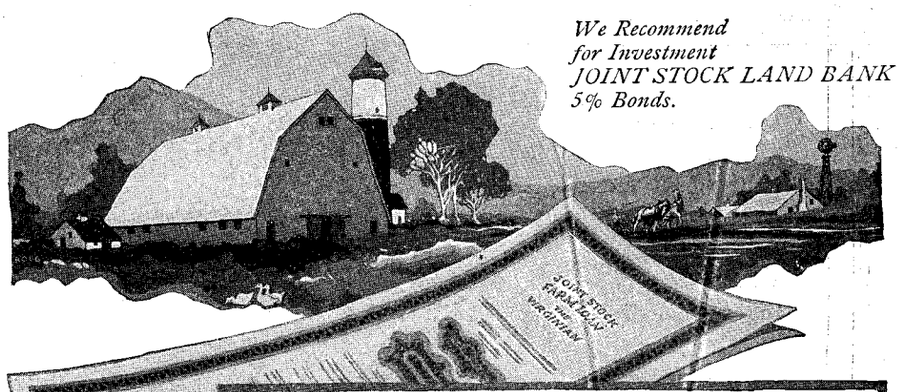
A new low was established in sterling at the opening of the market, when demand bills opened at $4.10¼, off 1 cent from the previous close. Marks also fell to a new low record, being quoted $.0250. Franc checks were 9.56, off 7 centimes. Lire, however, were a strong feature, checks being quoted 11.95, up 7 centimes. Guilder cables were $.37¾, Swiss cables 5.52 francs per $1, peseta cables $.1985, Stockholm cables $.2325, Belgian cables 8.68 francs per $1, and Vienna kronen $.0090.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM

Robert P. Skinner, American Consul-General at London, who sailed for Plymouth on the Rotterdam recently, says: "There is no occasion for undue alarm over the unrest which America is going through. It is just such a public state of mind as could be expected as an after-war phenomenon. In my opinion, we have reached the height of the wave, and are now settling down. England went through the same thing. They had one advantage over us—a homogeneous population. But even with our lack of that quality we will straighten out."

PREFERRED AND COMMON STOCKS

Are we actually investing our surplus funds in a fairly conservative manner if we



We Recommend for Investment JOINT STOCK LAND BANK 5% Bonds.

Back of Your Bond

JOINT STOCK LAND BANK BONDS offer in a new guise the oldest form of investment—the land itself—with the added advantage of ready salability and tax exemption, heretofore lacking in farm mortgage investments.

Bonds of this character are secured by Government approved first mortgages on farm lands, or by government bonds. They are declared to be instrumentalities of the Government, and are prepared and engraved by the Treasury Department. The principal and interest of these bonds is exempt from all Federal, State and local taxation, excepting only Estate and Inheritance Taxes.

Halsey, Stuart & Co.'s offerings of Joint Stock Land Bank Bonds are confined to those issued by Banks operating in sections of known productiveness and established land values, and under the direction of conservative and experienced executives.

We recommend these bonds to investors generally and particularly to large investors to whom the tax exemption feature is one of importance. Our circular, O. M. 10, descriptive of these and a wide variety of Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds will be sent upon request.

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Our booklet "JOINT STOCK LAND BANK BONDS," sets forth the purposes and organization of the JOINT STOCK LAND BANKS—the terms under which these bonds are issued, and their investment merits. You will incur no cost or obligation in requesting a copy. Ask for booklet O. M. 11.

DANFORTH FARM MORTGAGES

represent the highest type of investments. They have stood the test of wars and business depression since 1858—60 years, and always worth 100%.
Interest paid promptly at maturity.

FARM MORTGAGE BONDS in $500 and $1,000 denominations

For further information regarding our Farm Loans and Bonds write for Booklet and Investors' List No. 58.

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BANKERS Founded A.D. 1858
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FIRST FARM MORTGAGES

One of Our Clients in London Writes:
"I have had no more satisfactory Investments than your Farm Mortgages. You have handled them so well, they have never given me an anxious thought."

6%—Amounts to Suit

Our First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds net 6% and are furnished in amounts to suit. Send for pamphlet "8" and descriptive statements of offerings.

Established 1883
Capital and Surplus $500,000.00

E. J. LANDER & CO.
GRAND FORKS NORTH DAKOTA

Bohn Refrigerator Co.

8% Cumulative Sinking Fund
Preferred Stock—Par Value $100

Net earnings for 10 years after all taxes over 3 times and present rate 5 times dividend requirement.

Net quick assets $147—Tangible Assets $313 per share.

Price—$100 & Accrued Dividend

A. D. CONVERSE & CO.

5 Nassau St., New York

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INVESTMENT SECURITIES

We specialize in Government bonds and other investment securities. This firm was founded in 1865 and we have always endeavored to recommend to our clients conservative investments. As members of the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges we are prepared to execute orders for the purchase or sale of securities on a cash basis in large or small amounts.

A circular describing several issues of desirable investment securities will be sent on request.

Kidder, Peabody & Co.

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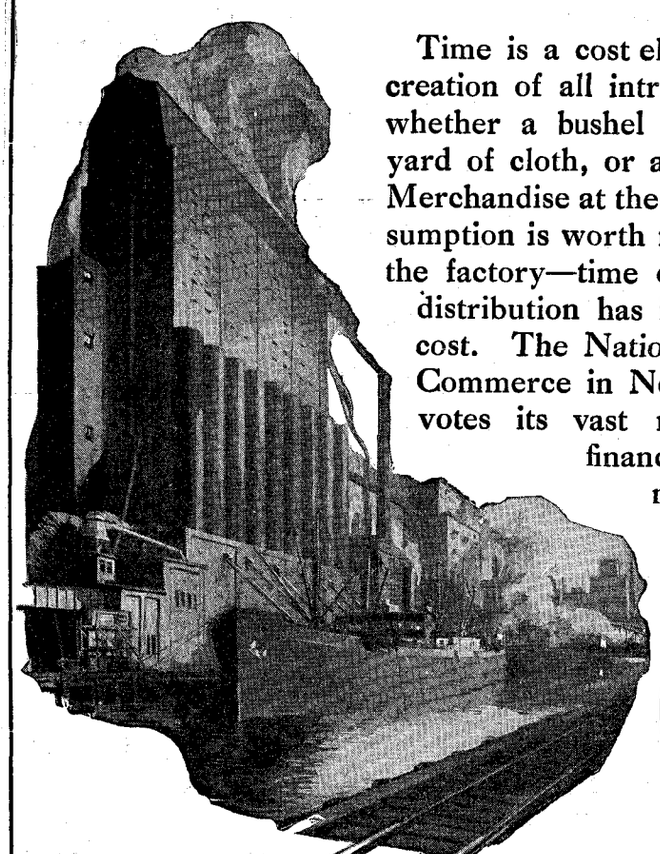
The Element of Time



Time is a cost element in the creation of all intrinsic values, whether a bushel of wheat, a yard of cloth, or a ton of steel. Merchandise at the point of consumption is worth more than at the factory—time consumed in distribution has increased its cost. The National Bank of Commerce in New York devotes its vast resources to financing this element of time.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits Over Fifty Million Dollars

Financial Department (Continued)

purchase even the better-known preferred and common stocks at present levels when a decline such as the following is possible within forty-eight hours without any evidence of a National or world calamity? Would not 6 per cent return on a high-grade bond be more satisfactory?

COMPARATIVE DECLINE OF REPRESENTATIVE COMMON AND PREFERRED STOCKS FROM NOVEMBER 10 TO 12 INCLUSIVE

	Common. High.	Low.	Preferred. High.	Low.	Com- mon.	Pre- ferred.
Amer. Agric. Chem.	95⅛	91	94¼	95½	—4⅛	+1¼
Amer. Locomotive	104	91½	106	106	—12½	0
Bethlehem Steel...	103	90¼	115¼	114	—12¾	—1¼
Corn Products....	89¼	83¾	107½	107¼	—5½	+ ¼
Endicott-Johnson..	137	129	105¼	103⅞	—8	—1⅜
General Motors...	388⅜	280	91	90	—108⅜	—1
Rem. Typewriter..	97	81⅛	101	101	—15⅞	0
Rep. Iron and Steel	123¼	107¾	105	105	—15½	0
U. S. Rubber.....	133	116	114¾	113½	—17	—1¼
U. S. Steel..,.....	107⅝	103	115	114	—4⅝	—1
Willys Overland...	33⅝	30	92	91½	—3⅝	—⅛

These eleven stocks declined a total of 207⅞ points for the common stocks and 4⅞ for the preferred stocks.

The loans of the Stock Exchange houses in Wall Street were said to be $2,000,000,000 on November 10. On November 15 this amount is said to have been lessened by $500,000,000, and if these figures are correct they would show that the technical position of the stock market is in a much healthier state than it was before, and the banks themselves must necessarily be stronger, not only with the Federal Reserve, but also with their borrowing customers, in that they have loanable funds for legitimate commercial purposes.

AGAINST INTERVENTION IN MEXICO

In your issue of July 30, under the heading of "The Mexican Question Again to the Front," you say: "Hardly a week passes by in which some new affront or injury to Americans or some new attempt to injure American investments in Mexico does not stir up anew the troublous question, When and how are normal and peaceful conditions to exist in that country?"

That comment causes one to reflect that scarcely a *day* passes by in which the hundreds of newspapers in this country do not print Press Association despatches calculated, if not intended, to stir up hatred of the Mexicans and their Government.

The present Tampico attack, you say, "emphasizes the fact that the present Government of Mexico is unable to protect foreigners within that country." Would you feel justified in saying that the brutal lynchings, race riots, Bisbee episodes, and Colorado massacres emphasized the fact that our own Government was unable to protect, not only foreigners, but our own citizens within our own land?

An acquaintance and former client of mine owned and operated silver mines in Mexico for several years up to within ten years ago, and I remember with what a revulsion of feeling I heard him recount his experiences. When asked about the cost of labor for the mines, he said it was "dirt cheap"—all the peon got was "a cotton shirt and a hunk of bread." When asked if they never "struck" or made trouble, he replied: "They *do* not—we *shoot* them." When somebody expressed surprise that he had sold out what had proved for him so profitable an undertaking, he remarked, complacently: "There's going to be trou-

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Against Intervention in Mexico (Continued)

ble down there, and we got out while the getting was good."

Another acquaintance and friend lived with his family for many years on a ranch in Texas near the Mexican border. He has told me of the excellent traits of the Mexicans; how, when business required him to be away from home for days at a time, he would call his men about him and tell them that he must leave his wife and children in their charge, and for them to see that no harm came to them during his absence, and how every night a number of them would surround the house, roll up in their blankets on the ground, and keep watch against any possible disturbance till morning. He has told of their kindness and generosity and reliability under responsibility.

Both instances related may be exceptional and the former exaggerated, but they suggest that the attitude of Americans may have something to do with the "troublous question."

When we speak of "intervention," it is all so impersonal, but I should like to have you do me the favor to tell me if among your acquaintances there are certain young men to whom you would be willing to say that you thought it to be *their* duty to go to Mexico to kill Mexicans, if necessary, or to be killed themselves or mutilated for life, in defense of the "investments"—the dollars—of certain other people, because those other people were technically American citizens?

You say that Mr. Gould, a New York Representative, declared "that since 1910 over three hundred Americans had lost their lives by murderous attack in Mexico." In your very next article, on Southern lynchings, you quote statistics that indicate there were *eighty-three Negro lynchings in eighteen months*, while unpunished murderers are at liberty in our own country to as great a number, I imagine, as the marauders in Mexico. Is it for us to attempt to teach Mexico how to suppress her desperadoes?

No truly patriotic American—no decent human being—would expect, nor have the face to demand, under the hypocritical pretense of supporting the dignity and honor of his country, that other human beings give their health and lives to safeguard treasure which, with no obligation on his part, but with the hope of gain greater than he might secure in his own country, he had taken the risk to "invest" in another country.

During the war it has been customary to tell those who have dared to criticise our country that if they didn't like the way we do things here to "get out." This admonition should be extended to embrace those who, having invested their money in Mexico or other foreign countries for personal gain instead of devoting it to the upbuilding of our own country, have clearly demonstrated what little concern they feel for its welfare. Yet such as they are to-day urging that for "patriotic" reasons we should "intervene" to restore "law and order" in Mexico, for no other purpose than to safeguard them in their selfish exploitation of the people and resources of Mexico.

This letter is written to suggest that you set forth some higher motive for meddling with Mexico than injury to American investments in Mexico.

W. R. B. Willcox.

Seattle, Washington.

Consistent saving and investing in sound securities, begun early in life, will help make your later years your happiest years. While many men find their greatest pleasure in work, it is a comfort to be independent.

Make your later years independent

THE wise investor does not dread the passing of his productive years. He voyages into the future with tranquil confidence, free from financial worries.

If you have not formed the habit of investing regularly in interest-bearing securities, begin now to add substantial income from such investments to the income from your work, your houses, or your acres.

Our world-wide facilities enable us to pick and offer a wide range of high-grade bonds, notes and preferred stocks. We shall be glad to advise with you regarding your own special investment problems.

Our illustrated booklet, "Men and Bonds," tells all about our uncommon qualifications to serve you. A copy of it, and our latest list of carefully investigated offerings, will be sent you on request for Z 114.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY — NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING — NEW YORK

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

A National Investment Service: More than 50 correspondent offices connected by over 10,000 miles of private wires

BONDS - - SHORT TERM NOTES - - PREFERRED STOCKS

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ESTABLISHED 1865

A Sound Investment

NETTING 7¼%

We have available and recommend a small amount of 7% Cumulative Preferred Stock of a nationally-known, old-established company. Total assets $318 per share. Net quick assets alone $128 per share. Present earnings nearly 3½ times preferred dividend requirements. No mortgage or funded indebtedness. Exempt from Normal Income Tax. Liberal sinking fund provision to retire part of issue each year.

Send for Circular No. 1051 Z

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1865)

10 South La Salle Street Chicago, Ill.

Branch Offices: Detroit, Cleveland, Milwaukee, St. Louis

ESTABLISHED 1865

9 PAYMENTS

monthly buys outright any stock or bond. Purchaser secures all dividends. Odd lots our specialty. Write for selected list and full particulars - FREE

CHARLES E. VAN RIPER

Member Consolidated Stock Exchange

50 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.

First Mortgage Serial Payment Gold Bonds

Netting Buyer 7%

Secured by Metropolitan business structures, Apartment buildings, Hotel-Apartments and other well-located, rental-income structures, situated in the larger and more substantial cities of the rich and growing South.

Denominations: $1,000; $500; $100. Maturities: 1 to 10 years. *Interest:* Semi-annually. Annual retirement of mortgage through monthly payments; prompt payment of interest insured through sinking fund requirements by monthly payments.

Each bond bears certificate of strong National Banks and Trust Companies, certifying the correctness of the bonds.

Interest and principal payable at the Guaranty Trust Company of New York or Third National Bank of Atlanta. Bonds may be purchased on the partial payment plan.

Write for illustrated circulars giving further details.

The following structures are located in leading Southern cities and secure First Mortgage Bonds now offered for investment.

G. L. MILLER & CO.

Incorporated.

134 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

BY THE WAY

The strike epidemic has attacked a home for the blind! A despatch says that inmates of the Pennsylvania Working Home for Blind Men presented a demand for higher wages to the management and threatened a strike. They make brooms, carpets, and cane-seat chairs. Their demand came after they had joined the American Federation of Labor.

The printers' strike is responsible for some queer freaks of typography. A theatrical magazine, for instance, spelled the word perjury "purgery" three times on one page. "The motives for purgery," it says, "are weak." "The preacher commits purgery." The editor, it would seem, might have purged his pages of these offenses, even though the printers could stomach them.

A freak of spelling not connected with the strike is noted by a current magazine as occurring in a book of "Poems from Shelley and Keats:"

"Alas! I have not hope nor health,
Nor *piece* within nor calm around."

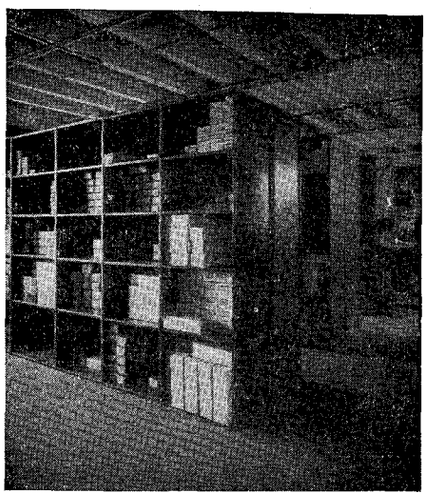
England is still the land of great wealth, it appears from the columns of some of its advertising mediums. A recent issue of "Motor," of London, contains under the head of "Second-hand Cars for Sale" several offers of such cars for over ten thousand dollars each! One car, which dates as far back as 1913, is described thus: "Magnificent open sporting body, leather cover for hood, tapered bonnet, electric installation, Warland rims, 2 spares, 1 each side, very fast and in perfect condition throughout, price 3,000 guineas" ($15,000!).

The famous "Keeley Institute" for the cure of inebriates is, it is announced, to pass into the limbo of forgotten things. The supply of patients has fallen off to such an extent as to make the business no longer profitable, it is said. The sanitarium undertook to give the victim of inebriety a permanent distaste for liquor, through what was called the "bichloride of gold" treatment. For one week the patient received, according to reports, all the liquor he could drink; then the "cure" began, and soon the patient grew to abhor the cup and remained sober "ever after."

Extreme longevity has its drawbacks. An English paper reminds us of this fact by quoting the story of Janos Mergessi, a Hungarian, who at the age of eighty-four was arrested for attempting suicide by jumping off a bridge at Budapest into the Danube. This, however, was not the case of extreme longevity referred to. Janos, in explanation of his attempt to end his life, explained that he was the sole support of his father and mother, and that the burden of caring for them was becoming too great for him. They were aged 115 and 110, respectively, he stated! The story goes that the statement proved to be true, and that a public subscription for the three was started, which placed them above want.

Here are two placards recently seen in New York City, one interesting for its orthography, the other for its economic bearing. The first reads: "The Colored and Indian *Filum* Co." The second sign is in the showcase of a basement shoe-shop on Fourth Avenue: "Fine Boot to

DURAND STEEL RACKS



THE time saved by efficient arrangement of stock and speedier service will in due course pay the cost of an installation of Durand Steel Racks.

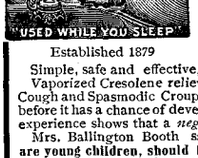
The ease with which they can instantly be adjusted to form compartments of all sizes insures economy of space.

Consult with us regarding your problems, in connection with Durand Steel Racks or Lockers. Catalogue of either on application

DURAND STEEL LOCKER CO.

1573 Ft. Dearborn Bk. Bldg. Chicago — **973 Vanderbilt Bldg. New York**

Vapo Cresolene



Established 1879

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cola.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "**No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp.**"

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of success ful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 31.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

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By the Way (Continued)

Order, $24.00." This is probably not to be taken literally as the price of one boot.

A story about the labor situation in England is to the effect that a man applied for a position and asked eight guineas ($40) a week wages. He was told he could have five guineas ($25). His reply was, "It wouldn't pay me to take that; sign my card." The card was to show that he had applied for a job; he had purposely asked more than he thought would be paid, and he then would, on showing the signed card to the authorities, continue to receive from the Labor Bureau 29 shillings for himself, 10*s.* 6*d.* for his wife, 10*s.* for the first child and 5*s.* for each of his other children—a total of possibly four pounds, "and then all is well with him for another week" of idleness.

The airship "R 33" has been making a tour of the French battlefields, says the London "Sphere," and it carried a chef and gave its passengers French cooking, and real beds, with sheets. "On September 15," says the same paper, "during a flight from Amsterdam to England, this lunch was served on a passenger airplane: Salmon mayonnaise, cold chicken, fruit salad, and wine."

Concerning the new editor of the London "Times," Mr. Henry Wickham Steed, "The Landmark" says: "The editors of the 'Times' have not hitherto been brilliant. Delane was a man of sound judgment, of wide knowledge, shrewd in his estimation of other men. Chenery was a scholar of great learning. Buckle added to his gift of being able in a very short time to tear the heart out of any problem set before him, an acquaintance with all the prominent people of the day. Geoffrey Dawson took a wider view of world affairs than his predecessors. But none of these editors could have been called brilliant. Now the 'Times' comes under the direction of a journalist who cannot be spoken of without this epithet."

Some one might make an amusing article about queer placards found in hotels. Here are two to start with: An East Indian hotel is said to caution its guests, "Please do not slap the servants. Report any incivility to the manager;" and a sign in the rooms of a Western hotel reads, "Guests wishing to clean their shoes will kindly ask the housekeeper for brush and blacking. Please do not use the towels for this purpose."

A Boston newspaper prints this letter from an aspiring poet:

> I have at hand a new and original poem entitled "Matty Lew" which . . . is a very dramatic poem and contains something like thirty-two stanzas and is somewhat similar to the "Face on the Barroom Floor." I am an ardent reader of your newspaper and in seeing the nature of literature that your subscribers enjoy, I think my poem will suit them immensely, therefore I have given you the first opportunity to procure same.

The "American Printer" indulges in this little sarcasm about the industrial situation: "The movement to give employees a bigger share in the management of industrial plants and more of the profits has a good sound, but there are those who can see the day when employers will ask a part in the management and some of the profits."

Thousands of miles of perfect motor highways, through sunny valleys, and along the seashore.

For those who love the past, there is the romance of the old Spanish days.

Great resort hotels offer every luxury.

En route visit the National Parks, National Monuments, and other winter resorts. See Hawaii, too.

Ask the local ticket agent to help plan your trip—or apply to the nearest Consolidated Ticket Office—or address nearest Travel Bureau, United States Railroad Administration; 646 Transportation Bldg., Chicago; 143 Liberty Street, New York City; 602 Healey Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Please indicate the places you wish to see en route. "California for the Tourist" and other resort booklets, on request.

DIRECTOR GENERAL OF RAILROADS 1918

·UNITED·STATES·RAILROAD·ADMINISTRATION·

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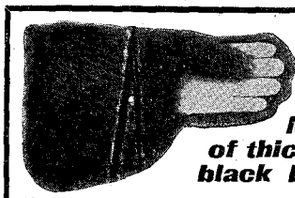
ORANGES & GRAPEFRUIT
We specialize in growing and shipping high-grade tree-ripened citrus fruits in single or half boxes direct to consumer. Express shipments anywhere U. S. or Canada. Every fruit positively guaranteed full of juice, the sweetest and best flavor. PELICAN GROVE, Georgiana, Fla.

LUDEN'S
GIVE QUICK RELIEF
FOR THROAT TICKLE



$8.00 by mail,
Made out of thick furred black Dog Skin

Above carries linings of little lamb skins. Price with mohair fleece linings $7.50. For comfort, appearance and durability you cannot find their equal for the price. Our illustrated catalog gives measure directions and a whole lot of other information about custom tanning of hides and skins with hair or fur on; coat, robe and rug making; taxidermy and head mounting; also prices of fur goods and big mounted game heads we sell.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY,
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Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, etc., fifty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the date of issue when it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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Five Wonderful Tours

Leaving New York January 7th and 21st, February 4th and 18th and March 3d.
Leaving Chicago January 8th and 22d, February 5th and 18th and March 4th.

Visiting

The Petrified Forests
Grand Canyon San Francisco
Santa Cruz, and the Big Trees
Del Monte Santa Barbara
Pasadena Riverside San Diego
Apache Trail and New Orleans

Write for particulars

FLORIDA

Visit the American Riviera with one of our tours

Leaving New York January 7th and 21st, February 4th, 7th, 11th and 18th, and March 23d.

Itinerary includes

Jacksonville St. Augustine
Ormond Palm Beach
Miami HAVANA Tampa
Oklawaha River Palatka
returning via Jacksonville

These tours are limited as to number. We suggest that reservation be made NOW. **Write for details**

Wherever you travel carry those spendable everywhere—American Express Travelers Cheques

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL DEPARTMENT
65 Broadway, New York

We did for you what others were not able to do in the Year of the Great War.

We can do the same in the Year of the Great Peace.

Write for plans for 1920.

Bureau of University Travel
Newton, Mass.

TOUR to PORTO RICO

Including Cruise Around the Island, Motor Tour of the Island, and Sojourn at the New Condado-Vanderbilt Hotel

From New York Jan. 24. Five weeks. Small party. Send for itinerary.
EDWIN C. ATKINSON,
112 N. 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Moderate Prices — Satisfaction
80 BOYLSTON STREET BOSTON

Go to Europe at my expense by organizing a small party. Babcock's European Tours, 1137 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Established 1900.

GO TO EUROPE AT OUR EXPENSE
Organizers of small parties wanted. UNIVERSITY TOURS, Box O, Wilmington, Delaware.

INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURS
EUROPE
EDUCATION-TRAVEL-RECREATION
PRICES MODERATE
1021 LITTLE BUILDING-BOSTON

Tours and Travel

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Are you interested in it?

If so, write to Secretary

JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION

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TOKYO

for 120-page Guide Book Free

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Hotels and Resorts

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BERMUDA

THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT
(Furness Line, Whitehall St., N. Y.)

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HOWE & TWOROGER, Managers
Opens Dec. 19

HOTEL FRASCATI
FRANK J. GRAY, Manager
Opens Dec. 8

CONNECTICUT

Wayside Inn NEW MILFORD Litchfield Co., Conn.
The foothills of the Berkshires. A restful place for tired people. Good food and a comfortable home. 2 hours from New York. $16 a week and up. Booklet.
MRS. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor.

MASSACHUSETTS

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Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world. Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed
O T Costello Mgr.

If You Are Tired or Need a Change

you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

The Aloha, Winthrop Highlands, Mass., offers comfortable modern home for people who need care. Permanent if needed. Circular and ref. Mrs. E. J. Poff, 104 Highland Av.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The Hamilton
14th & K Sts., N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
A Select Family and Transient Hotel
Ideal Location. Modern appointments and Home-like. Good table. American plan $3.50 up daily; special rates by week or month. Booklet. Irving O. Ball, Proprietor

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THE PALMER At LAKEWOOD-among-the-Pines of New Jersey. Miss T. T. DOLBEY. Also CASTLE INN, Delaware Water Gap, Pa., in the Pocono Mts. of Penna.

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FLORIDA

FLORIDA

THE PINES—DAYTONA
On the Dixie Highway
December-January
WILLIAM CHESLEY, Lessee.

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Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Rates with Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

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A homelike hotel for self-supporting women. Single rooms $1.00 per night. Double rooms (2 beds) $1.40 per night. Restaurant open to all women. Send for circular.

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"A Home—not a Hotel"

Newly furnished. Modern. Superb table. Rooms with private bath, from $4 per day, including meals. Weekly rates on application. Reached by New York Central, elevated, subway. Telephone Yonkers 6580.

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Pinehurst

NORTH CAROLINA

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CAROLINA HOTEL now open

GOLF—TRAP SHOOTING—RACING
RIDING—DRIVING—MOTORING—TENNIS

Delightful weather at Pinehurst—like late Fall in New England.

For Reservations or Information address:

General Office, Pinehurst, North Carolina, or LEONARD TUFTS, 282 Congress St., Boston

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Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

Sanford Hall Flushing New York

Brick Church. Convalescents, paralytics, and elderly people in private home of nurse. Best care. Beautiful surroundings. Home comforts. 65 Halsted St., East Orange, N. J.

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Kingston-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Distinctly different from most sanitariums. Scientific application of advanced Metaphysical healing.

Complete department of modern physical treatments: Hydro-therapy, Massage, Swedish Movements, Gymnastics, Electricity, Radiant Light, etc.

Art and Crafts room. Light, airy, well-heated rooms. Good table and special diets.

Write for booklet.

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A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients, Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

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A sanitarium for the invalid, the convalescent, and the aged. Address for terms
ALICE GATES BUGBEE, M.D. Tel. 241.

Dr. Vail's Sanatorium An exclusive resort in the beautiful Connecticut Valley. Massage, electricity, and baths. Golf and tennis. 3 resident physicians. Under successful management for 30 years. E. S. VAIL, M.D., Thompsonville, Ct.

Crest View Sanatorium

Greenwich, Ct. First-class in all respects, home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

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Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

LINDEN Doylestown, Pa. | **The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well**
An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Property Wanted

TO BUY Established School, or property suitable for School, near large Eastern city, **preferably Baltimore.** 1,063, Outlook.

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should be enjoyed—appreciated. The last few years have been strenuous ones, and it is one's duty now to get rid of the war-mind.

The immediate future offers nothing better in change of scene, climate and environment than a

COOK'S TROPICAL CRUISE

The two magnificent and well-known steamers of the GREAT WHITE FLEET, the

S. S. PASTORES and S. S. CALOMARES

have been specially chartered. They will sail on

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to CUBA, Havana and Santiago, JAMAICA, Port Antonio and Kingston, PANAMA CANAL ZONE, COSTA RICA, Port Limon, San José, returning via Havana and Nassau (Bahamas).

A series of attractive shore excursions are included. The dates have been chosen with care so as to ensure the utmost in LEISURE, ENJOYMENT and COMFORT.

Write now for full particulars and book early.

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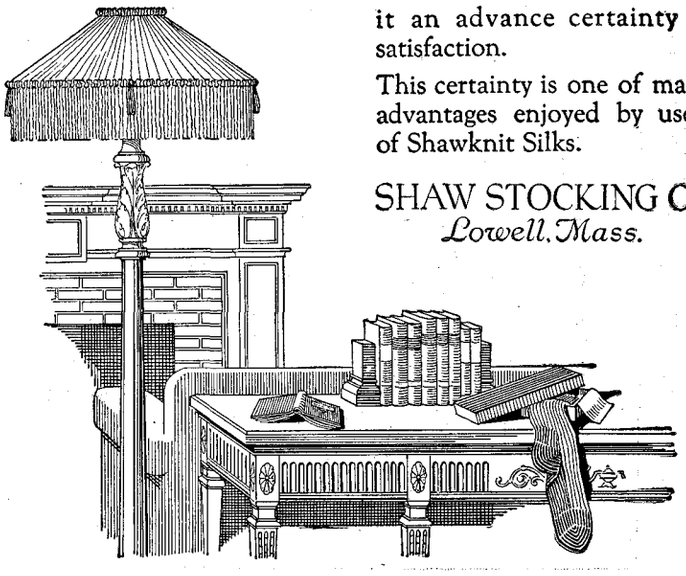
THE ideal purchase is the one which carries with it an advance certainty of satisfaction.

This certainty is one of many advantages enjoyed by users of Shawknit Silks.



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Lowell, Mass.

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CALIFORNIA 52-Acre Almond Ranch For Sale
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Fruit, poultry, shade, lake, step to seminary. 9-room house, fireplace, bath, heat, electric lights. Ideal New England home. $4,000. Half down. Consider exchange village home two hours New York. Miss ELLA D. PRICE, 114 East 85th St., New York City.

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FOR RENT, FURNISHED
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INDIAN RIVER One of 7 rooms, bath, sleeping porch. One of 5 rooms, bath, sleeping porch. Shade, roses, palms; large bearing fruit trees; oranges, tangerines, grapefruit. Water-front, fishing, telephone, post office, village club, etc. Supplies delivered. 2 acres land. Address Executor, 1,067, The Outlook.

NEW YORK

Amagansett, Long Island
For Sale. Hotel, furnished, beautifully located high grounds, overlooking ocean, including 2 acres land, outbuilding. Apply W. M. TERRY, *Amagansett, Long Island.*

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INSYDE TIRES—inner armor for automobile tires; prevent punctures and blowouts; double tire mileage. Liberal profits. Details free. American Accessories Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dept. 127.

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RAILWAY traffic inspector, $110 a month to start and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months' home study. Situation arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for booklet CM27 Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

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DIETITIANS, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers. Miss Richards, Box 5, East Side Station, Providence, R. I.

WANTED—Superior French nurse under thirty-five years of age for two girls of six and nine. Live in country. Reply with references to 7,545, Outlook.

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HELP WANTED

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TEACHERS WANTED for emergency vacancies in colleges, public and private schools. Unprecedented demand! If available for an educational position anywhere in United States or foreign countries, write Ernest Olp, Steger Building, Chicago.

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INQUIRIES already coming in for teachers in all subjects for 1919. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

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LET me help you with your club paper. 7,542, Outlook.

OFFICER'S WIDOW wishes part time work in New York as secretary or child's tutor. Experience in both lines. References furnished. 7,596, Outlook.

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MOTHER and daughter desire positions in mountain resort or settlement. Mother excellent cook, experience as camp supervisor; daughter college girl, companion, tutor, farm work, etc. Highest references. A. C. Laing, Weston, Mass.

CHAPERON or companion. Position wanted by lady well born, American, 37 years old, Catholic. Excellent references. Fluent French. Would travel this country or abroad. Has lived six years Paris. Salary $100 a month. 7,576, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION as companion-housekeeper or housemother in school. South preferred. Refined woman. Excellent credentials. 7,592, Outlook.

HOUSEHOLD SERVICE, COMPANIONSHIP. Protestant clergyman wishes to recommend two elderly ladies (sisters) of exceptionally pleasant character. No heavy work. 7,584, Outlook.

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REFINED, educated young woman, nursing experience, desires position as companion or governess. Highest credentials. Box 604, Burnham, Pa.

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MANAGING housekeeper for widower, in or near New York City; careful expenditure; intelligent, reliable. 7,598, Outlook.

REFINED woman, good education, with executive ability, desires position as housemother in boys' school or similar position of trust. Highest references. 7,597, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in nursing. Frances Parker Memorial Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

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CLUB ADVISING. Season's programmes, individual advice, and bibliographies furnished. Send stamp for information. The Clark-Thompson Club Advisors. Address Miss Marion G. Clark, 30 Beechwood Road, Summit, N. J., or Miss Nancy Thompson, 76 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

NEW UNITARIAN literature FREE. Address Mrs. Helen Whiton, Hingham Center, Mass.

EXCELLENT care given to invalid patients in chiropractic doctor's own home. Flushing, N. Y. 7,601, Outlook.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
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A healthy and substantial drink at the soda fountain, or with lunch at the restaurant, a comfort waiting for you in the ice-box at home.

Serve it cold

Sold everywhere—Families supplied by grocer, druggist and dealer. Visitors are invited to inspect our plant.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS

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LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO., 249 W. 13th St., New York

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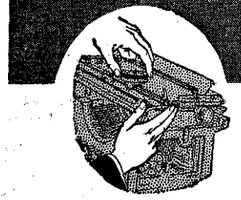
"HANDY GRIP" PATENTED 1917

The only Refill Shaving Stick



"like putting a new ribbon in a typewriter"

THE "Refill" feature of Colgate's "Handy Grip" gives you both convenience and thrift—as simply as changing the ribbon on a typewriter.

For the threaded stick of soap screws into the threaded metal grip. When you need fresh soap, screw out the stub and screw in a "Refill" Stick, which saves you the cost of a new metal box.

Wet the old stub and press it on the "Refill"—it sticks, and you use it *all*.

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806* New York

RIGHTS FOR SPANISH PROTESTANTS

On October 9, 1919, at the eightieth annual session of the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at St. James's Church, Chicago, a resolution, "Rights for Spanish Protestants," by a standing vote, was unanimously adopted. On March 9, 1906, a communication from the Department of State, in answer to a letter of December 25, 1905, to President Roosevelt in regard to the question of liberty of worship for Protestants in Spain, states that the American Minister at Madrid reports that in Spain a cross or other emblem of religion is never permitted to be erected upon a Protestant edifice, that generally the doors of the church are closed so as not to attract notice publicly to the service. It then directs attention to "the restrictions of the provision of the Constitution of Spain providing that 'no other ceremonies nor manifestations in public except those of the religion of the state will be permitted.'"

A registered letter was written by a member of the Conference to the King of Spain, emphasizing the utterance of the Pope in his letter to Cardinal Gibbons concerning religious liberty and pointing out the great advantages that would accrue to Spain by such an "admiration for the Constitution of the United States" as would lead to the complete abandonment of Article II of the Constitution of Spain, and the utter discarding of the First Article of the Concordat of 1851, which specifies: "The Roman Catholic religion, to the exclusion of every other denomination, shall continue to be that of the Spanish nation, and shall be maintained throughout the dominion of his Roman Catholic Majesty."

The last paragraph of the resolution states:

"We prize most highly the action of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in deciding to enter Spain, and we trust that the Spanish Government may quickly realize that the proposed work of this Church is positively helpful to Spain, and that in the carrying on of this work she receives enjoyment to the full of the guarantees now formulated in the fundamental law of the Kingdom. Very sincerely indeed would we appreciate the action of our Chief Executive, President Wilson, in kindly suggesting to the State Department that our Government would be more than pleased if Spain should accord to Protestants what America grants to Roman Catholics—*the right of public worship*."

The noble editorial in your issue of June 4, 1919, in which you bring to the knowledge of the American people that a Protestant soldier in Spain is still compelled to join in the Roman Catholic military worship on festival days, that *religious liberty does not exist in Spain*, and that the Spanish people have been drinking deep draughts from the liberal ideas which furnished the slogan under which the Allied nations fought, constrains the writer to believe that The Outlook will regard the resolution, adopted by the Rock River Conference, "Rights for Spanish Protestants," as a decided step towards the world's betterment.

The present is an opportune time to call attention to this important matter, and I trust that you will give it wide publicity through your columns. JOHN LEE.

Chicago, Illinois.

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